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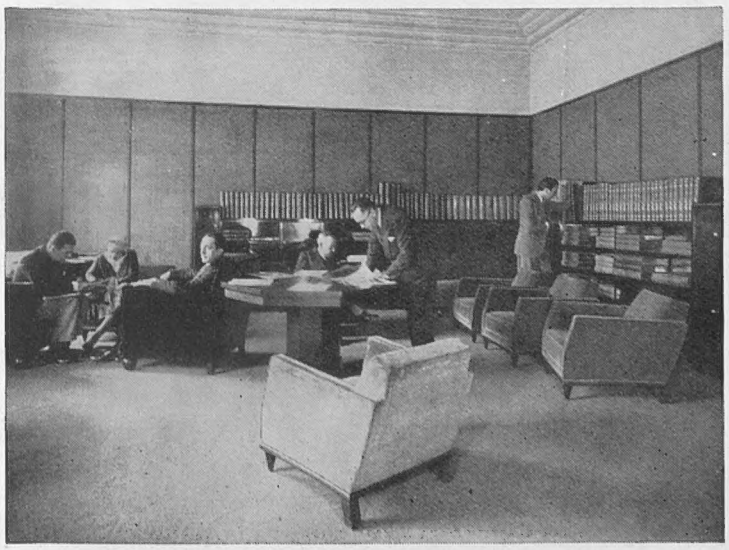

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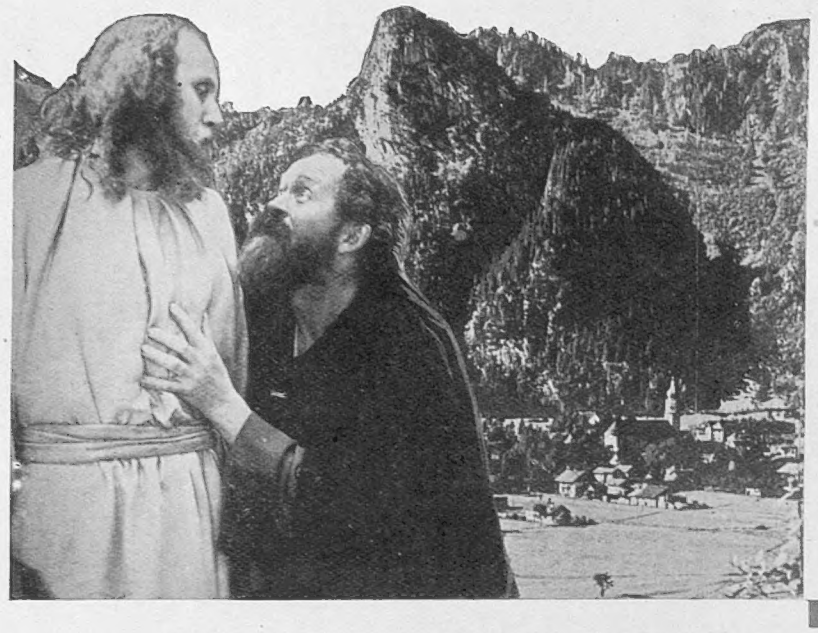

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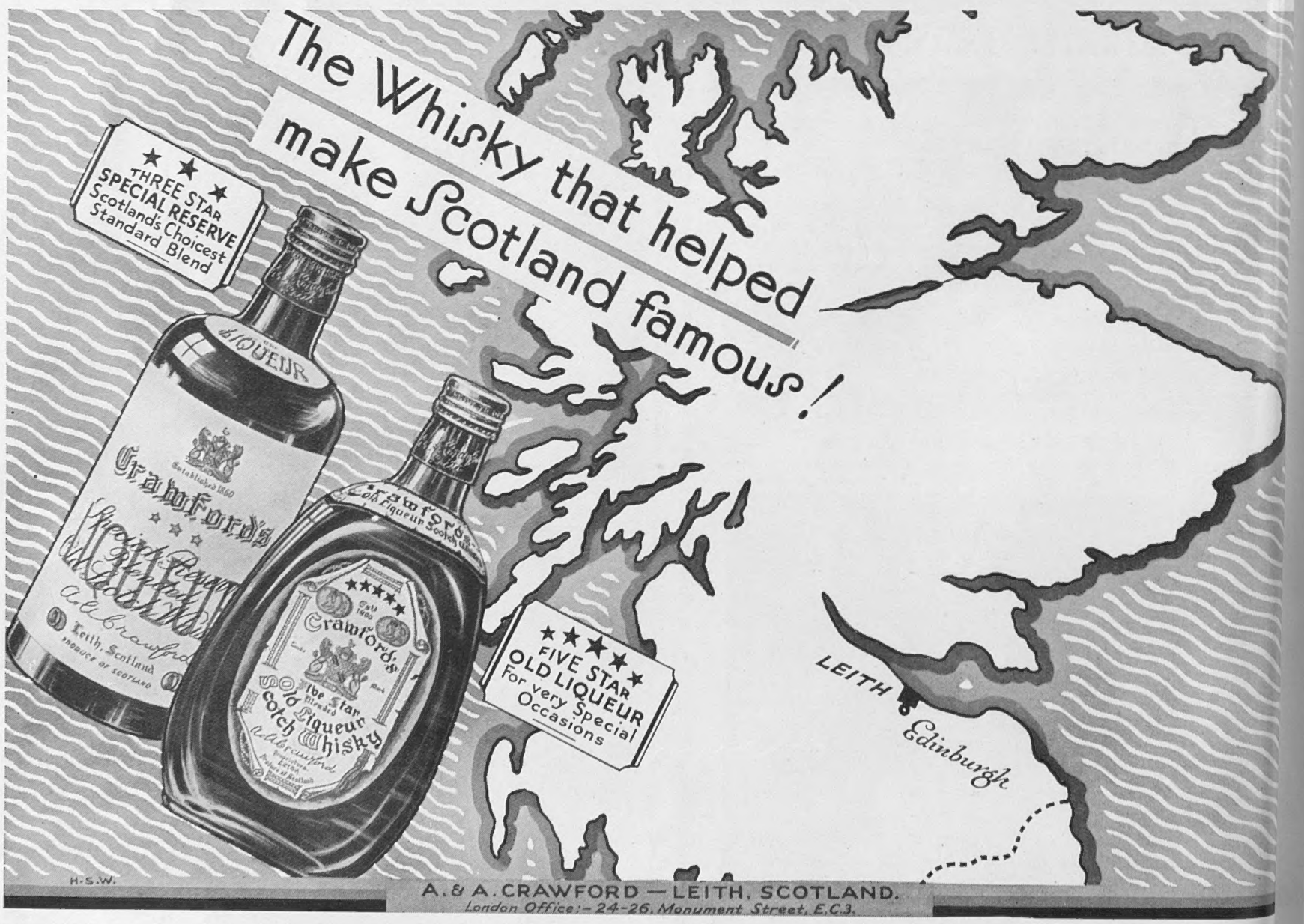

THE SPHERE

With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"

The Empire's Illustrated Weekly

London, April 7, 1934

A NOTABLE EASTER IN ROME

The End of the Holy Year and the Canonization of the Blessed Don Bosco

Wearing a linen apron embroidered in gold, and using a golden trowel, the Pope placed mortar on the threshold of the Holy Door at St. Peter's on Easter Monday and so, in the traditional manner, closed a remarkable Holy Year. The Easter week ceremonies in Rome, notable both for their colourful pageantry and impressive ritual, brought tens of thousands of pilgrims flocking into the city from all parts of the world, and on Sunday, when this picture was taken, it was estimated that at least 300,000 people passed through the Piazza San Pietro to receive the Papal Benediction after the canonization of the Blessed Don Bosco. This Piedmontese priest founded the Society of St. Francis of Sales some seventy-four years ago in the city of Turin. To-day the organization which he brought into being spreads over five continents, and the numbers of the pilgrims who assembled in Rome bore testimony to the greatness of this man who was both an ardent apostle of the Church and a great Italian patriot

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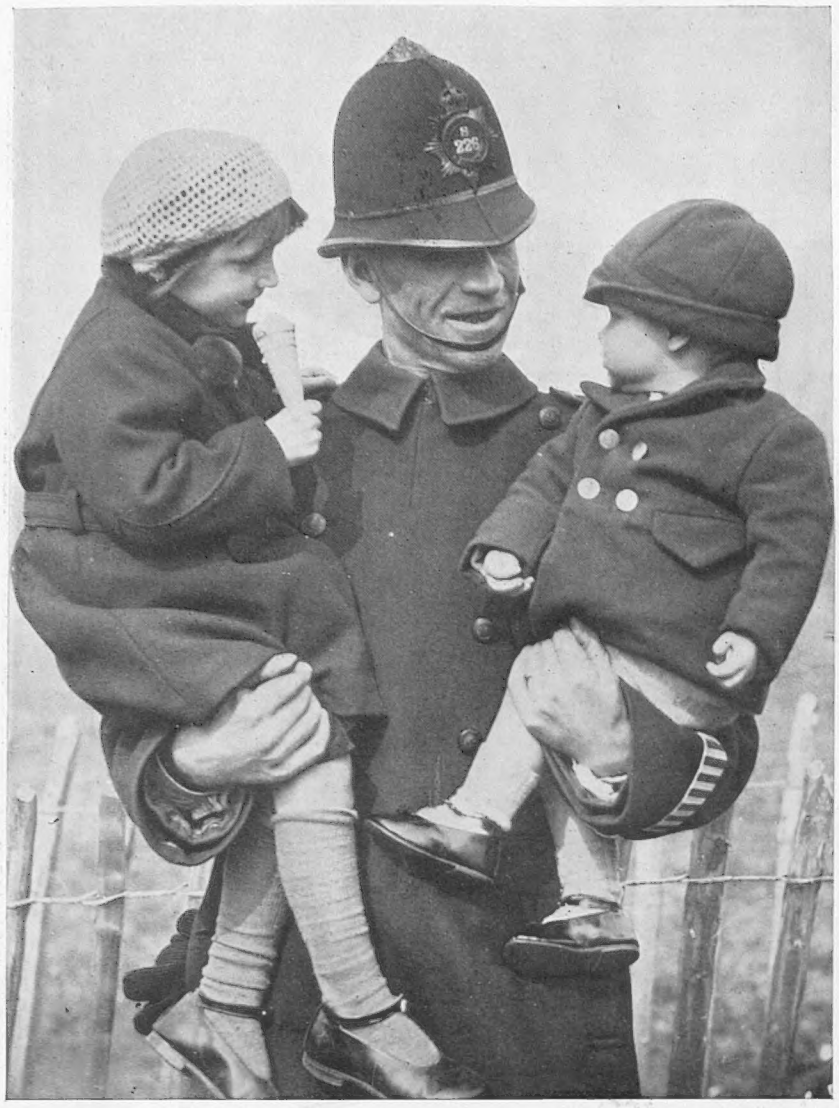


THE STRONG ARM OF THE LAW: Two children who were lost on Hampstead Heath during the Easter Monday Fair were rescued and looked after by a kindly policeman until their parents arrived

A LONDON NEWSLETTER

346, STRAND, W.C.,
Wednesday, April 4, 1934.

A DEFINED POLICY ON GAMBLING.—The terms of no Government Bill in my time have given me greater satisfaction than those of the Betting and Lotteries Bill. Long criticized as illogical and indeterminate, Government policy on gambling has at last been clarified and defended. You cannot make people good or prudent (at least directly) by Act of Parliament, though ultimately Education Acts may indirectly produce some improvement in those directions. You cannot put down gambling by a Bill. Therefore, the new measure makes no futile effort to limit private gambling among individuals. But to check the encouragement given to gambling, and the glorification of lotteries by the sensational Press, and to limit public opportunities for betting and gambling, these things the State can logically do and now seeks to do. And I sincerely hope that, controversial as the Bill must prove and strong as are the vested interests arrayed against it, it will become law. The Totalisator is not to be favoured at the expense of the bookie, nor the horse race at the expense of the dog race, but these betting facilities are to be limited to two days in each week. As for lotteries, the provisions of the Bill are admirable. There are to be no large scale lotteries in Britain, and foreign lotteries are to be killed stone dead. Not only is the sale of tickets for all such lotteries to be made illegal, but even the mention of the subject is to be prohibited in the Press. No more of that nauseating adulation of lucky barbers, waiters, and typists; no more public deification of the new aristocracy of Chance; no more intimate domestic interiors of the homes of get-rich-quick heroes. If the Irish sweepstake is killed, I shall dance on the corpse. And so, too, with the ineffably silly newspaper competition which masquerades as a trial of skill, and is nothing but a lottery of a lottery. It is to go, and the housewife's hard-earned money will be available for milk for babies. Here at last is a slum clearance, an Augean cleansing, which will help to dignify a once dignified country and restore to sanity a once sane race. I trust that every reader of THE SPHERE will throw the whole weight of his opinion into the scale and get the measure on the Statute Book. If ever a curtailment of personal liberty was justified for a nation's good, it is justified in these proposals.

L'ILE INCONNUE.—It is a fact, sad, significant, or both, that to-day Nazi Germany is far more anxious to be understood and to have her aims explained in England than is the Free State. Young Nazi leaders are visiting this country. Mr. de Valera sends no propagandists. It is safe to say that we know less about the mind and temper of the Free State than we have known concerning Southern Irish sentiment at any period in her distressful history. Between now and April 11, when the Dail reassembles, the Free State and her neighbours will have a breathing space during which they can digest Mr. de Valera's latest bombshell, the Bill to abolish the Senate. A bombshell, it certainly was, but apparently a premeditated explosion which took place untimely as the result of a sudden twitch of irritation. The Senate had given cause for irritation. Just before the explosion, it had truncated the period of the Army Act and rejected the Blue Shirt Prohibition Bill. The latter action it could hardly fail to take. This important political party organization is admittedly constitutional; its conduct is exemplary, it is unarmed, the highest legal tribunal has acquitted it of dangerous or unlawful tendencies. In the eyes of the Senate and of the world of liberally-minded men, interference in its constitutional rights and privileges is tyranny. Now, it is for at least a year and a half safe from Government interference, unless a general election intervenes. The Senate enjoys a similar immunity. Each threatened institution will gather together its resources for the fight for existence. General O'Duffy by the late legal decision is now secure from any serious danger of the curtailment of his liberty and is free to recruit his supporters. But Mr. De Valera believes that for every blue shirt ordered and assumed, the Government could recruit half-a-dozen for the wearing of the green. Perhaps the next months will produce in the Free State a race for armaments, blue shirts against green. What is the majority opinion of this utterly unknown nation? Does it still believe the world well lost for that vague ideal of an emerald isle of dreams? Does it still gladly sacrifice livelihood, markets, allies, personal liberty, common prudence, and practical politics for that misty and half understood ideal which inarticulate Irish poets have sung and failed to make substantial? We don't know. We haven't the smallest idea. We are far better qualified to explain to an audience of scientists the whole range of Einstein's theories and proofs. Now, as ever, Ireland is the one and only *île inconnue*.

BEAUTIFUL GARDENS AGAIN.—The great campaign is re-opening, for summer is heralded. The gardens of England are re-opening to the public under the Nursing scheme. I find I get a larger correspondence from readers on this subject than on any other subject on which a journalist may discourse (not excluding religious controversy). So many people who love beautiful gardens fail to find them on the days on which they open. They make their plans too late and so, lacking the initiative, or determination, or detective sense, lose the opportunity through lack of preparation. How many people, I wonder, tried in vain to find Great Tangley Manor, near Shalford, last year? Take my advice and this year prepare early and keep a calendar duly marked up with the names of the gardens you mean to see. Let us take Sussex first this year. By applying to Lady Georgina More, 57, Lower Belgrave Street, London, S.W.1, you will obtain a full list of Sussex gardens opening 1934. Midhurst is a famous centre from which to conduct the West Sussex campaign, Cowdray Park, Woolbeding, and Stedham Hall all lie within a radius of a mile or so. Of these, the park at Cowdray and the ruins are worth coming to see apart from the gardens; as for Woolbeding, no opportunity of seeing it should be missed, for there is no garden in England with so matchless a setting, nor one which gives a more wonderful sense of unchanging peace. Charles James Fox learned some of his philosophy in it. In West Sussex also are the great country houses of Goodwood, Petworth, and Arundel; in the case of the first-named, the house may be viewed. In it are wonderful pictures. There are two Canalettos of London scenes which alone are worth the journey. As for Burton Park, Petworth, it is to-day a garden of the first grade, a three-star garden. On the whole, it is best seen in June, though it opens also in May. Horsham is the other centre for West Sussex gardens; from here Leonardslee, famous for azaleas, Field Place (Shelley's birthplace), and Sedgwick Park can all be easily reached. Nymans, Handcross, is an East Sussex garden of rare charm, with a remarkable reproduction of an ancient manor house built to match the genuine ancient gardens. Herstmonceux and Danny (Hurstpierpoint) are two historic houses in lovely settings. I do not suppose that any county in England (unless it be Wiltshire) can rival Sussex for the wealth of glorious houses and gardens. Write for particulars and lay your plans ahead and go to the trouble of buying a one-inch-to-the-mile map. It all adds to the fun and romance of the expedition to find your own way about.

AT THE GREAT EASTER PARADE IN HYDE PARK: Some prominent members of the morning. *Left*—Mr. John Stuart with Miss Muriel Angelus and Miss Yolande [illegible] with June. The latter is now starring with Mr. George [illegible]'s

MERIT PAYS?—Whenever I hear of another sound literary-political review done to death, whenever I hear of another talented journalist thrown out of employment because he cannot adapt himself to the methods of journalism which alone are held to appeal to a wider public which has not the patience or the interest to read more than headlines and slogans, I feel a sense of anxiety and shame. How will Posterity judge us who rate so highly our intelligence and ability? How will our own judgments of literary merit appear to our grandchildren? Let us, when we consider it, bear in mind that the judgments of *our* grandfathers and great-grandfathers in literature have, wonderfully, on the whole, borne the test of time. I do not mean that we have lost the art of writing. Many, many more good books are turned out annually than ever before. The average of literary ability is higher than ever before. But the faculty of criticism is in my opinion constantly diminishing, and public taste is low. More and more, the economic factor should leave out the vital factor. The test of merit is based on financial success and literary merit is judged to be the ability to attract the widest public. The reading public increases in size every year and must for many years remain largely unreliable in liter-

judgment and semi-educated. Periodically, lists are published of the acknowledged "best-sellers" of the post-War decades. It is startling to observe how huge a proportion of these ephemeral successes is utterly forgotten to-day, and if remembered at all, remembered with contemptuous toleration. The second-rate man or woman novelist sells in 10,000's where the man of letters sells in hundreds.

BIOGRAPHY AND JOURNALISM.—Popular biography is largely the picking of better men's brains, a redressing in modern clothes of the models created by industrious men of high ability. The Dictionary of National Biography is the unacknowledged fount and inspiration of most of our vaunted biographical art. We contribute no fresh knowledge to a subject which should stand or fall on knowledge and facts. We contribute no more than flashy theories, based usually on sex psychology. Journalism

cal profession seen in the Park on Sunday
ght—Mr. Jack Melford and his baby daughter
re's How at the Saville

is going the same road in the struggle to survive in the face of tremendous competition and economic difficulty. Every year the independent and isolated journals surrender to the combines, every year the strongest groups see the necessity for more and more pandering to the half-educated. The sober leader must yield to the coloured placards, headline and slogan, slogan and headline; the appeal must be directed more and more to women, and one by one the solid features vanish. The Sunday newspaper has become a newspaper, a weekly review, a magazine, and a literary review all rolled into one. There is no room for independence, no need for any more permanent form of journalism. It is the elaboration of the Sunday paper which is largely responsible for the difficulties which face the independent weekly review. How I regret their extinction. In the place of their impartial and independent book criticism and political leaders, we are forced back on the strident cat-calls of publishers hailing new genius as a daily phenomenon, on the mutual back-scratching of author-critics in league, and on the heavily-leaded naps of fashionable book societies. I wish people would table the sum total of their own book society's naps since the War and coolly estimate the proportion of those "masterpieces" which have survived even the advertising allocation devoted to boosting them. I should be a fool indeed to waste time in regrets. We are what we make ourselves and the majority calls the tune since the majority pays the piper. But let us not delude ourselves that our grandchildren will agree with our own estimate of our cleverness and taste. It is our habit of mind to despise our fathers, to hold the view that to be dead is to be ridiculous. There is unquestionably good cause for thinking that, when we are dead, we shall be ridiculous and despised.

A HOPEFUL START.—There are more cars on the road than ever before. The number of licences granted per hour and the number of cars which passed a given point on a given main road in a selected hour alike earned the well-worn adjectives "record" and "amazing." There is a new Bill to make order out of chaos on the roads and a vast deal of propaganda and punishment ahead before chaos and murder are abated. This was my experience on the first day of the holiday rush. I was driving along a straight stretch of the Portsmouth road bisecting a bare common. There was nothing on my side of the road ahead or behind. Approaching me were four cars, travelling about 40 m.p.h., nose almost touching tail of the next ahead. The first car reached level with me at a point where a track across the common led off at right-angles on my side. I saw the girl beside the driver of the first car point to it indicating a good pull off on to the common. Without putting out his hand the driver crammed on brakes and stopped dead, designing to shoot across right-handed on to the common as soon as I had passed. The second car, of course, crashed into him. The third, switching out to the right, crashed into No. 2, narrowly missing my rear right mudguard. The fourth car was a heavy one and the driver was talking to his girl. He was taken completely by surprise, and did not even apply his brake. He crashed into No. 3, with a hideous clamour of twisting iron and splintering glass, with a force which drove No. 2 again into No. 1—and there they were, four wrecked cars along a broad, dead-straight trunk road in bright sunlight; and every one of the drivers criminally to blame, for even if the driver of No. 1 had held out his hand, the cars were too close together to avert a crash.

THE OTHER ROAD CODE.—With the return of open-air life, when pent-up thousands burst out again along the roads and into the open spaces, the Minister of Transport has published the provisions of his Bill for reducing road accidents. In the ideal State there will be another road code which takes note of the murder of Nature and the mutilation of her beauty and amenities. The strength and features of this Bill will be:

(*a*) It will be generally obeyed and, in the rare instances where it is disobeyed, it will be enforced with an iron hand.

(*b*) It will make arson of common lands from mischief or carelessness as much a crime as deliberate arson. The ass who is detected throwing away a burning match or fag in tinder-dry gorse will go to jug.

(*c*) So with the litter fiend. The beast who leaves or makes broken glass on seashore or common paths to the danger of children and cattle will tread the mill or pick oakum. So will the pig who discards paper wrappings.

(*d*) The blackguard who destroys trees and pulls up flowers by the roots will be branded as a thief.

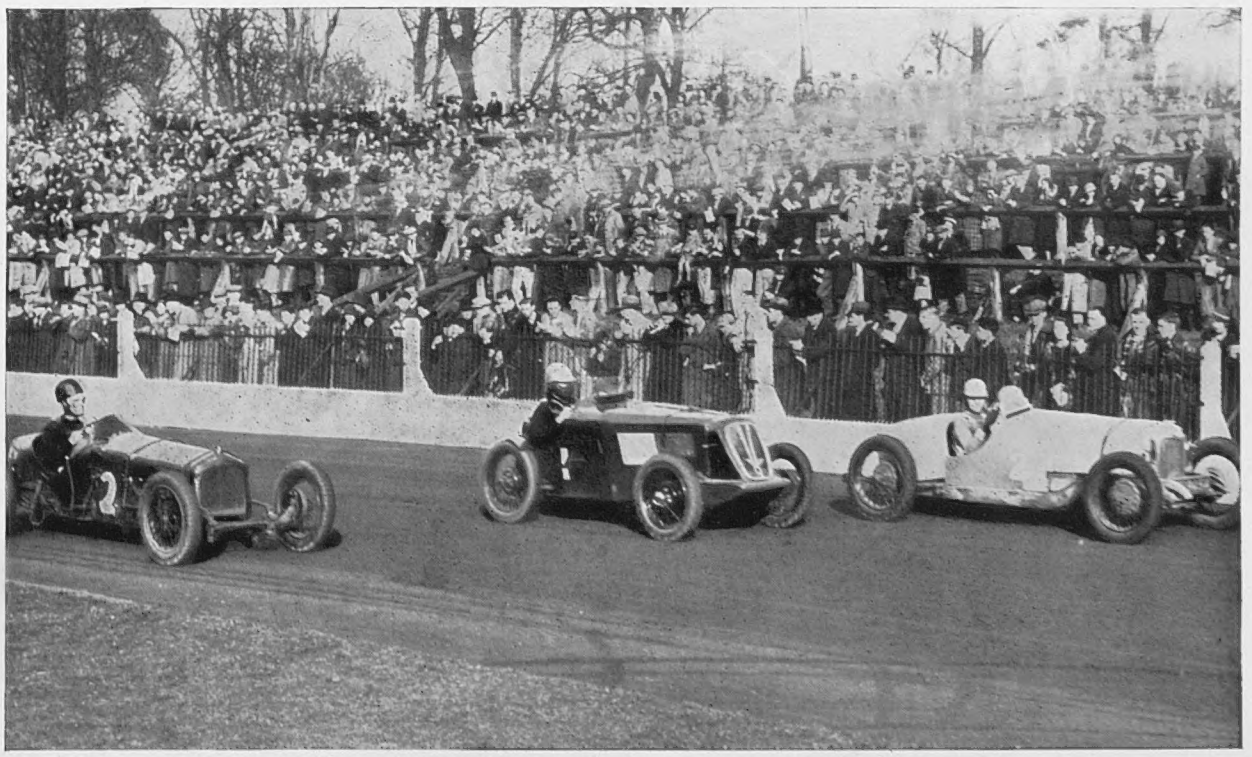
(*e*) The motorist who drives across common lands in disregard of all notices will no longer be fined £2. He will find himself in prison.

Those who live in the country indeed are becoming so exasperated with the beastly selfishness and ruthlessness of trippers from towns that they are beginning to regard these indecent assaults on Mother Nature as even more serious than the murder and mutilation of individuals. In an imperfect world they judge that only man is utterly vile. But the ideal State is still far distant. Meanwhile, at the threshold of a new summer, it is worth while recapitulating some points of common sense and common decency in "open-road" conduct: Do not leave litter lying about; bury it. Do not throw away lighted matches or cigarettes *ever;* stamp out the flames or embers. Do not leave bottles on the ground; least of all, amuse yourself by breaking them into jagged splinters. Do not drive your motor vehicles over commons or common paths. There is a penalty, rigorously exacted on most benches, of £2 for each detected offence. In default of a notice, remember that you may not park or drive your car more than 15 yards off a main road on a common. Do not leave gates open: if you do, you involve the farmer in heavy penalties for straying cattle. Do not pull up wild flowers by the roots. You are in a sense part owners of the acres you desecrate. If you have any regard for a reputation for sanity, let alone of decency, treat these acres as, since time ran, landowners have invariably treated their own lands—with care, foresight, and consideration. It is an ill bird that fouls its own nest.

NEEDLEWORK.—One of the most charming exhibitions I have seen for a long time was organized the other day by the Duchess of Richmond at Goodwood in aid of the Plaistow Maternity Hospital and of District Nursing. The fashion of needlework is growing again among both sexes, and the art is constantly improving. The exhibits ranged from the Elizabethan to the present era, and the moderns stood out triumphantly. The work of one lady nearly a century ago, in needlework pictures was in her day almost a monopoly, and has remained so until lately. Very large sums are paid to-day for examples of her work. Now she has serious rivals. Mrs. Welch's great woolwork pictures, in the simplest stitching, are arresting and even superb. Mrs. Morgan-Grenville showed a most attractive work picture on a smaller scale. Gros point and petit point are by no means the only media. In sampler work, the girls of to-day rival their patient great-great-aunts. There was nothing more charming and perfect than a sampler worked and presented to the Duchess of Richmond by a girls' high school. Men are quite as good as women with a needle. I am going to try my hand (be it only on a kettle-holder) this autumn.

THE OLD STAGER

RECEIVING DAY AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY: Miss K. P. Thomasett arriving with a portrait for the Spring Exhibition

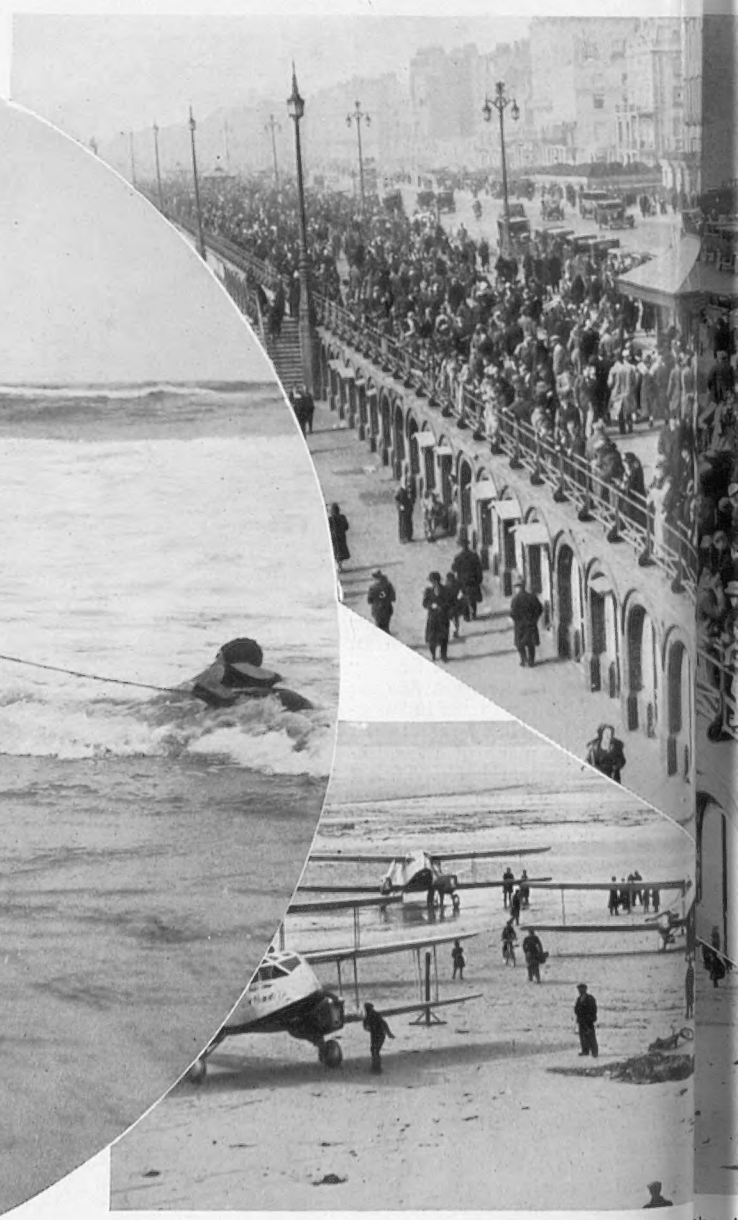


EASTER THRILLS: A picture taken during the triangular match between Wimbledon Park, Wembley Park, and Crystal Palace on the opening day of the motor-car speedway racing season at the Crystal Palace

EASTER DAYS BY

"PRISONERS OF HOPE": Holidaymakers at Waterloo waiting for the barriers to be opened for them to board a South Coast train. *Below*—A THRILLING FINISH AT KEMPTON: Shrewton leading from Scarlet Tiger, Leighon, and Diamantée, as the field entered the straight in the Rosebery Stakes on Easter Saturday. The last two dead-heated

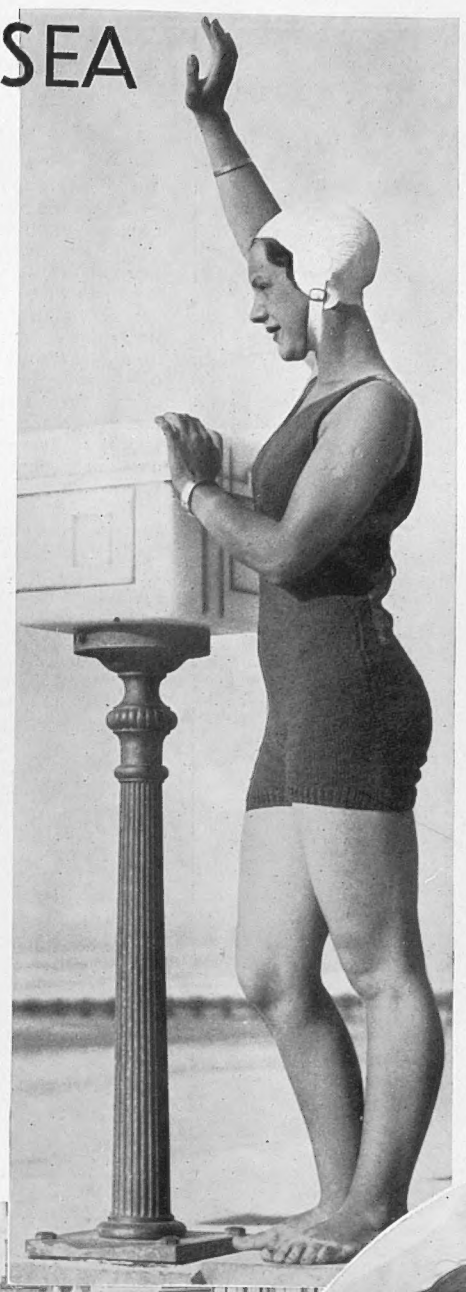
WHILE LONDONERS FLOCKED TO THE SEASIDE AND THE COUNTRY, s t
vinces. The changing of the Guard at Buckingham Palace attracm
BEAUTY: A statuesque bather who braved that w



DEALING WITH THE EASTER RUSH: The fleet of aer
service on the beach at Jersey. These machines have
since Christmas when the service was inaugurated. In
at Whitley Bay, Northumberland, practising w

...ND AND SEA

...thronged with visitors from the pro-...rmous crowd. *Right* — YOUTH AND ...t wind at Hastings



...he London-Jersey air ...a thousand passengers ...bers of a swimming club ...aving line

EASTER AT BRIGHTON: The crowds were not so great as those of last year, but many thousands of Londoners visited the famous resort on Sunday

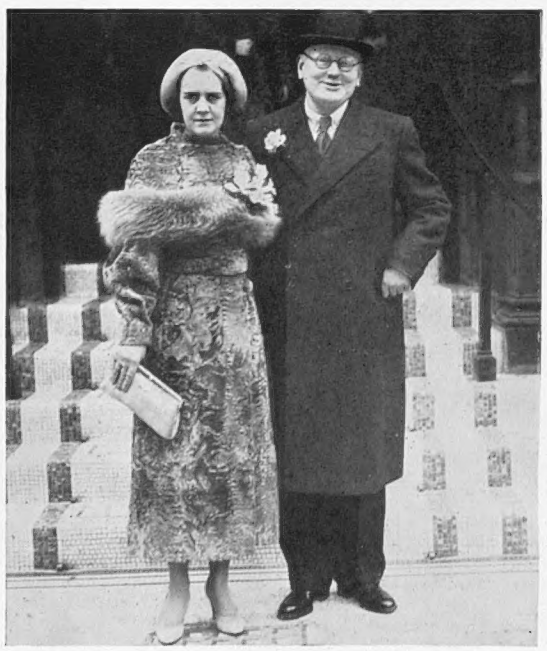
ON FOOT AND AWHEEL: Hikers, cyclists, and motorists took advantage of the Easter sunshine, and the highways and byways were well patronized during the four days of the holiday. *Above*—MAKING FRIENDS WITH THE NEW ARRIVALS: A delightful picture taken on a Hertfordshire farm

AN OUTSTANDING EASTER WEDDING: Mr. Walter E. Elliot, M.P., Minister of Agriculture, and Miss Katharine Tennant, seen with their nephews and nieces after their marriage at St. Baldred's Church, North Berwick, on Easter Monday. The honeymoon is being spent at Loch Na Bo, near Elgin

A GOOD FRIDAY CHRISTENING: Mr. and Mrs. Colton with their baby daughter after the christening ceremony last week at All Souls', Langham Place. Mrs. Colton is better known as Enid Stamp-Taylor, the actress

LADY ANNE ARNANDER, daughter of the Earl of Crawford and Balcarres, and Signor Giovanni Fummi, who were married on Easter Monday at St. James's, Spanish Place

WITH HIS NEW LEADING LADY: Mr. Stanley Lupino with Miss Jenny Dean, who is starring with him in *Sporting Love*—the new musical play at the Gaiety. She is the daughter of a veterinary surgeon



AFTER THE WEDDING: Mr. Tom McAlpine, grandson of Sir Robert McAlpine, and Mrs. Doris Woodsea of Gosforth, who were married on Thursday of last week at Caxton Hall, London

INCOME-TAX

What They Pay Abroad

We shall soon hear from Mr. Chamberlain whether or not there is to be any remission of the crushing burden of income-tax which the British people are paying, largely on account of a victorious war.

Meanwhile, what are the other fellows, the losers among them, contributing to their exchequers by way of direct taxation? The figures are startling.

Few countries have the same system as our own of assessing income-tax, and some rather bewildering calculations are necessary to make an exact comparison. But one fact stands out clearly—the British people are more heavily taxed than any in the world, and are paying an extortionate rate as compared with most.

In spite of the long depression in the United States, direct taxation of the middle classes is almost negligible. The wealthy are paying less than half the British rate.

Tax on private incomes is on a percentage basis, beginning with a nominal 1½ per cent. on incomes up to 4,000 dollars (£800 at par). On the next 4,000 dollars there is 3 per cent., and thereafter 5 per cent. The surtax rises from 1 per cent. on incomes over 10,000 dollars to a 20 per cent. maximum for 100,000 dollars and over.

But the married man with a 4,000 dollar income pays nothing at all, for he has a rebate of 3,500 dollars for his wife and 400 for each child. In Britain a married man with one child has to part with £108 2s. 6d. on an "earned" income of £800, and £128 2s. 6d. on an investment income.

In France the taxpayer does not fare too badly. They say that evasion is widespread over there, but when the taxes are paid they are considerably below our standard, except in the case of single men on small salaries.

The rates are 5 per cent. from £130 to £260, 7½ per cent. from £260 to £520, and 10 per cent. for £520 and over. So that on the single-man basis we have these comparisons:—

Salary. £	French Tax. £ s.	English Tax. £ s. d.
130	6 10	– 10 0
200	10 0	7 10 0
260	13 0	13 0 0
500	37 10	53 2 6
1,000	100 0	153 0 0
5,000	500 0	1,465 0 0

German income-tax payers, in spite of the various defaults of their government, have not had to pay out so heavily as the British taxpayer, to whom much of the German money is due. Though heavy compared with most Continental countries, German direct taxation is still well below our own rate.

All salaries and wages are taxed 10 per cent. at source, up to 8,000 Reichsmarks. The scale then rises to a maximum of 40 per cent. for large incomes. The 10 per cent. looks stiff for working men and the lower middle classes, but there is a 1,000 marks deduction for married men, and an 8 per cent. rebate on the tax for each child, with a maximum of 30 per cent.

A married man with one child pays nothing in England on a £200 salary, and 17s. 4½d. in Germany. From £300 to £500 the German taxpayer pays slightly more, but after that, on the sliding scale, the balance goes against us, until at £1,000 the British single-man tax is £153 2s. 6d. against £110 in Germany.

The limit on big incomes in Germany is 40 per cent.

Italy, not being a defeated country, has to demand heavy income-tax contributions. The rates are approximately the same as the British except on big incomes. Workmen pay 4 per cent of their wages, salaried employees 9 per cent and the "independent professions" 12 per cent, all, of course, having the usual rebates.

In addition there is a complementary personal tax rising from 1 per cent. on 3,000 lire (approximately £50 at current exchange) to 10 per cent. on 1,000,000 lire.

Japan has a sliding scale on a percentage basis, rising from 2 per cent. on £120 to £150, to 6·5 per cent. on £700. (The British percentage on £700 works out at 13.) The maximum surtax in Japan is 36 per cent.

Dutchmen get off lightly with 1·2 per cent. on small incomes, increasing to 3 per cent. on 7,000 florins (£583 at par), and from there to a maximum of 13·5 on incomes above 85,000 florins. There are substantial allowances for children in the Netherlands, and an unusal, though not unfair feature, is that the bigger the income the bigger the family deductions.

Belgium is a better place still to live in if you don't like income-tax, and you are not too wealthy. Nothing at all is paid on incomes up to 15,000 francs (£428 at par), when 1 per cent. is imposed. At 50,000 francs (£1,429) the tax is 6 per cent., rising to 17 per cent. on 200,000 francs. The maximum, on incomes over 350,000 francs, ie 29 per cent.

J. R. Jarvie

THE FUNERAL of the DUTCH QUEEN MOTHER

PASSING THROUGH THE STREETS OF THE HAGUE: The mourning coach, with the horses draped in black, at the start of the journey to Delft where the body of Queen Emma was laid to rest in the mausoleum of the House of Orange. Troops representing the army and the marines formed the head and rear of the procession, while several carriages were filled with many thousands of wreaths

HONOURING HIS PREDECESSOR: Lord Willingdon, Viceroy of India, about to leave the dais after unveiling the statue to Lord Irwin (now Viscount Halifax) at New Delhi. Lady Willingdon is on the right

THE 400TH ANNIVERSARY OF THE FOUNDATION OF THE GUILD OF ST. SEBASTIAN: Members of this archers' guild, who flocked into Brussels last week from all parts of Belgium, carrying their banners through the streets of the capital. St. Sebastian, the patron saint of archers, was a captain of the Praetorian Guard during the reign of Diocletian, and suffered martyrdom for helping Christians condemned to death. The late King Albert was a great supporter of this guild

CLIMBING DOWN CASTLE GULLY: A picture taken on Ben Nevis as a party of expert mountaineers was searching for Morris Linnell, who lost his life when he fell from a precipitous ice slope on Saturday of last week

HAULED TO SAFETY: Returning from the gully where the body of Morris Linnell was found

A MEMBER OF THE BEN NEVIS SEARCH PARTY cutting his way up an ice slope

AN EPIC CLIMB

The Easter Tragedy on Ben Nevis

On Easter Saturday disaster overcame two climbers on Ben Nevis when making their way up a precipitous ice slope near the summit. A Mr. Colin Fletcher Kirkus was leading his companion, Mr. Morris Linnell, up the slope. Suddenly he lost his foothold, and the two men hurtled down over broken rocks and over a series of 20 and 30 ft. cliffs. Kirkus, when he regained consciousness, made an heroic attempt to drag his friend to safety, but failed. So he set off alone for help. The story of this epic climb, which would have been difficult even for a man unweakened by injury, was told by Mr. Alastair C. Borthwick of *The Glasgow Weekly Herald*, who, by chance, happened to be on Ben Nevis at the time of the accident, and who helped to bring Kirkus to safety. His description, part of which we print here, constitutes a remarkable piece of journalism.

"We were on the plateau at the summit, over 4,000 ft. up, when Kirkus staggered over the shoulder of the mountain, streaming blood, and shouting weakly for help. His face was frightful.

"His lips were dreadfully swollen, the eyes were blackened and shut, and he swayed as he stumbled along. He was losing blood badly. In his hand he clutched half an ice-axe.

"Robin Petrie and I scrambled up to him.

"Until we actually touched him he did not know we were there. He could neither see nor hear. He simply staggered along, shouting aimlessly. He was all in.

"'He's in Castle Gully. I think he's dead. He's hanging by his neck from the rope,' he gasped, and collapsed.

"We hailed three other climbers and sent them for a doctor and more rope. I had only 100 ft. with me. Together we followed Kirkus's footprints to the edge of the cliff. That was easy. There was blood on the snow all the way.

"We shouted. No reply came."

Mr. Borthwick himself descended the slope as far as conditions allowed. He continues:—

"There was nothing to be done but to wait for more rope.

"The climb made by Kirkus after he regained consciousness was superhuman.

"I saw the place where he came up, and I have never even heard of any feat which called for such tenacity, endurance, and sheer dogged will-power.

"The slope steepened to 70 degs., about 20 ft. below the ice cornice, which overhung the gully by about 3 ft.

"He hacked steps up the sheer ice, and eventually chipped two small footholds just below the cornice. All this he did with half an ice-axe.

"Standing on these holds, with a 2,000 ft. ice slope below him, he battered the overhanging cornice down. Every inch had to be carved out with the axe.

"The work must have taken him hours. The ice was bloodstained for yards around.

"At last he staggered out on to the plateau, and we found him.

"Climbers, hailed by the original two members of our party, arrived in twos and threes, and eventually we had 700 ft. of rope.

"Four expert climbers volunteered to go down. With one length of rope, six of us lashed ourselves to a large rock, and, with the remaining 600 ft., we lowered the men over the edge of a gully 50 yards to the left of the one in which the tragedy occurred.

"That gully—which Kirkus had climbed single-handed—was deemed impossible by these expert mountaineers.

"It was a desperately slow business. The rescuers had to cut steps all the way down, and we took five hours to pay out 600 ft. of rope.

"At last they sighted Linnell. He was lying at the foot of the sheer rocks of the Castle.

"Between him and the rescuers lay a steeply inclined slope of 300 ft.—solid blue ice.

"Somehow they had to cut their way across the slope—a much more difficult process than climbing up it.

"And we had not enough rope to allow them to make the traverse.

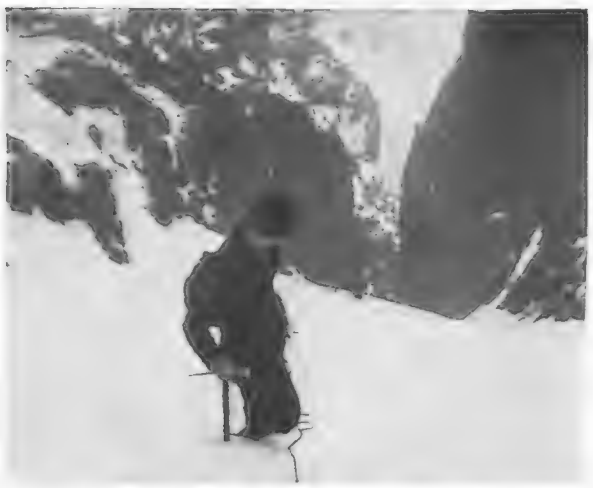
"They talked it over. At last a faint shout came from the gully—

"'We're untying the rope. Haul it up. We're going on without it.'

"Linked together by only a 100 ft. rope, and with no connection whatever with us at the top of the cliff, they started on the dangerous traverse.

"Darkness was coming on. At 8 o'clock they thought they might still reach Linnell. By 9 o'clock the only light came from the moon, which was partially obscured by clouds.

"They had to give up. They knew by then that Linnell was dead, and they wisely left the recovery of his body until the next day."



ON THE ROOF OF ENGLAND: A climber resting during the ascent of Scawfell, Cumberland

WHERE WINTER STILL LINGERS: Climbing enthusiasts making their way up Scawfell during the Easter holiday. While the snow lasts the ascent is difficult even for the experienced mountaineer

EVENTS | ABROAD

Preparing the St. Lawrence for Shipping — The Salvation Army in Japan — Patrolling the Govanda Plateau

AFTER THE COLDEST WINTER ON RECORD, when temperatures at times dropped to 60 degrees below zero, preparations are now being made to re-open the St. Lawrence river for navigation. This incision has been cut in the frozen river to allow of the ice sheets moving away to the Atlantic. The port of Montreal is open to shipping from the end of April onwards

MR. HENRY W. MAPP, Salvation Army commander in England, acknowledging the greetings of members of the "Army" in Japan on his arrival at Tokyo station. Standing on his right is Commander Gumpei Yamamuro

A HAZARDOUS PATROL: These machines of the No. 30 Bomber Squadron stationed at Mosul, Northern Iraq, have to patrol the region of the rocky Govanda Plateau where it is quite impossible to make a forced landing in safety

DR. DOLLFUSS MEETS A POET: The Chancellor talking to the Tirolese writer, Schnesberger, after a parade of the Schutzkorps (Protection Corps) in Vienna last week

WHERE THE CHRISTMAS EVE RAILWAY DISASTER TOOK PLACE: French Government officials and railroad men inspecting the defective automatic signal which caused the accident at Lagny. Over 200 people lost their lives

A STRANGE GAME of CHESS

An Examination of the French Railway System — Drastic Economies which have Led to Serious Disasters — The Need for Steel Coaches

By JOSSLEYN HENNESSY

The majority of those who read these lines will, fortunately for themselves, have never been in any kind of railway accident, slight or serious, and have probably never visited the site of a train disaster *before* first-aid squads and break-down gangs have restored peace to a tortured spot.

Amongst the several rude shocks to the nervous system that I have received in the course of my work as a foreign correspondent were the hours I spent at Lagny, near Paris, very shortly after over 200 men, women, and children, homeward bound for Christmas, had been killed, and some 300 injured, in one of the greatest catastrophes in the railway history of any country.

Imagine a white fog. Imagine yellowly flickering flares. Imagine an artillery barrage to have shattered an enormous butcher's shop. You may then have some idea of the sight which met my eyes at three in the morning. A few hours later I was examining the contents of a hospital mortuary in an endeavour to discover if there were any British amongst the dead.

I have gone out of my way to write thus so ruthlessly as human nature seems to require shocks before it can be stirred to investigate conditions and remedy evils. Since those unpleasant hours at Lagny I have made an investigation of the French railways, the results of which may provide some useful lessons for the British public.

An interview with M. Dautry, Director-General of the State Railways, published in the French Press, is instructive. . . . "Expenditure on the signal system and on the repair of badly equipped and dangerous stations, has become *luxury expenditure*" (his own italics). "We are not supported as in other countries by public opinion, which does not realize that the means at the disposal of the railways are far from always being in keeping with the needs of the service. From this conservative spirit and feeling for economy at all costs, it results that the railways are always obliged to fight when it comes to incurring new expenditure. No one will realize that the only real economy is *human life*. On the 5,709 miles of the State Railways, in 1934 only 75 miles are equipped with the automatic block system; 1,187 miles have hand-block signals dating back to 1880–1900; 4,375 miles still have the signal system installed in 1842, modernized as far as possible, but without the block system and possessing only precarious telegraphic control." Amongst the 4,375 miles with out-of-date signals are hundreds of miles of main lines daily covered by great expresses and a large volume of other traffic, as between Pontoise and Dieppe, Brest and Rennes, Caen and Cherbourg. Between Caen and Cherbourg up to sixteen transatlantic liner expresses have passed, sometimes within a few minutes of each other, *over and above the normal traffic.*

Before 1927, says the Director-General of the State Railways, he had not one steel carriage. Today he has 700, but as he needs 1,726 carriages for the great expresses, 1,026 are still made of wood. This year he had "to fight for the money" to get forty new steel carriages.

Asked to outline his remedy for a deplorable situation, M. Dautry replied that 9,000 miles out of the 29,000 of the whole French railway system should be abolished at once, Local road transport can serve the dispossessed areas. For the remaining 20,000 miles, M. Dautry wants "really irreproachable equipment," more level crossings, modern locomotives, modern steel carriages, and modern signalling.

M. Dautry, as a civil servant, deserves warm praise for his courageous revelations which. stated in moderate terms by one who has his position to consider, form a damning enough case. His reforms, however, excellent though they are, would but scratch the surface and leave the essential problem of the French railways untouched. After Lagny's terrible lesson, after M. Dautry's admissions, surely something cannot fail to be done, you will say. It is true that there is a Bill before Parliament for a railway loan and an eight-year constructional plan drawn up by the Minister of Public Works. But ambitious though the plan is, even this will still leave the essential problem untouched. Why?

It is popularly believed, even in France, that there are five railways run by private enterprise and only two run by the State. The truth is that *all* the French railways are in the stranglehold of the State. The railways employ some of the finest administrators and engineers, but their struggles in an ever-increasing tangle of red tape are becoming feebler and more hopeless. There is no single part of the administration, technical and business, wherein individual decision or initiative does not have to be ground finely half a dozen times through the slow-working mills of parliamentary debating machinery. This machinery is bewildering in its complicated ramifications. The following is an incomplete selection of its simpler parts.

As far as there is any central controlling body, it appears to be the Railway Council, which is as good an example of a Soviet as can be found. It is made up of twenty-one directors of the different railway companies, fourteen delegates of all grades of railway workers, and thirty-five delegates of the "nation"—civil servants, industrialists, business men, farmers, delegates of competitive forms of transport and railway passengers—nominated by the Minister of Public Works. On this unwieldy debating society of seventy members which advises on all first-class questions of railway policy, the only people who know anything about the business-like running of a railway have a majority of over two-thirds against them.

The "Exploitation Control" covers scheduling of the trains, their policing, the signals and measures designed to prevent accidents. The "Track Control" covers all tracks, all railway buildings, construction of new lines, work of upkeep, etc. The "Equipment and Rolling Stock Control" covers the buying, upkeep of all materials and of the depots and shops. The "Working Control" covers the application of the regulations for working hours, hygiene, safety of the personnel, passes on all modifications suggested, and governs salaries and pensions.

As for the "Commercial Control," the private companies retain the right of initiative in *proposing* tariff changes, but no tariff can be altered until it has been examined by (a) the foregoing State control departments, (b) the Consultative Committee of the Technical and Commercial Exploitation, (c) the Railway Council, (d) the Minister of Public Works. Finally, it is not the railway companies which ordain any alterations, but the Minister who fixes them by decree. It is the Minister who, after study by the State Control, decrees the construction of new lines, and it is the Senate and the Chamber of Deputies which debate throughout the weeks, months, and years, the "public utility" of these new lines and grant their concessions to the private companies, after every local vested interest has finished lobbying. The Minister it is who approves supplementary construction programs, the ordering and buying of new material after the usual "study" and debating of all the State control departments and the Railway Council. State control permeates the so-called privately run systems from the construction of a new line down to the buying of a pane of glass!

Still, you will say, admitting that all the foregoing items are subject to the gentle languors of the ministerial and legislative abracadabra, once the weighty decision to construct one new steel carriage has finally emerged after months of department-to-department reflection, the railway companies can get on with the job. Not at all, the process has to be begun all over again. Authorization to construct has been obtained, but authorization to spend money has not. Expenditure of any kind has to be carried out within the limits of the annual authorizations granted to the railways by the annual national budget, and as this is generally passed from four to ten months behind time, it is no wonder that M. Dautry says that it is a hard job to get any money.

But we haven't finished yet. Once expenditure is authorized, the railway companies cannot raise a loan to the amount authorized, for the definite construction previously authorized, except within the limits annually authorized by the budget *and* by Ministerial authorizations necessary for each loan which intervenes after study by the State control departments, the opinions of the Consultative Committee (yet another body not included amongst those above), and of the Railway Council.

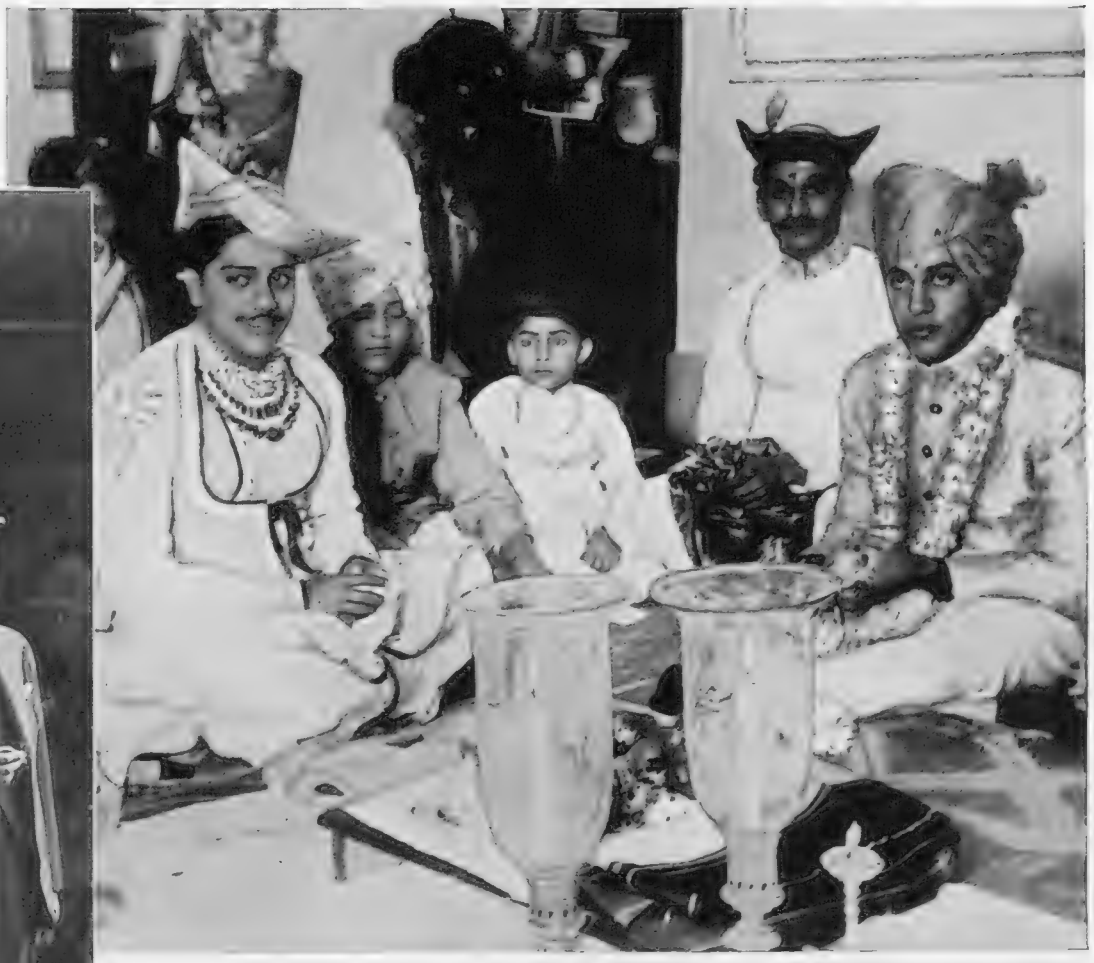
You may find that last sentence difficult to grasp, but if read carefully you will in the end find that it means something—something characteristic of the whole incomprehensible, contradictory mess of cautious, unimaginative, impractical, involved, self-satisfied, and suffocating departmentalism which fondly believes that the dynamic forces involved in the administration of any great human enterprise can be controlled by complicated sets of rules which would perhaps be applicable to a static game of chess provided that the time limit for reflection between moves were abolished.

The end is not yet. On the foregoing State controls is superimposed control by an Accountancy Commission of Civil Servants, which slowly verifies that the money finally obtained was in fact spent in accordance with the bundle of Ministerial rules, regulations, Acts of Parliament, and decrees concerned. This commission can propose to the Minister the disallowing of expenditure incurred which it considers to have been irregular or useless. Who pays for these disallowed items? The shareholders, of course. You seem to forget that we are dealing with *privately-owned* companies. (If an item is disallowed in the State Railways the same people pay again—only in that case they are called taxpayers.)

No wonder the railways show a deficit which is increased *annually* by £35,000,000. It is monstrously unjust in these circumstances to arrest engine drivers and traffic superintendents when accidents occur (as was done after Lagny). They are caught in the toils of an inelastic system which is under no single, responsible, directing body, able to effect rapid modifications in method, equipment, and personnel, in the light of practical experience.

FROM THREE CONTINENTS

TOURING THE DEVASTATED AREAS OF NORTHERN BIHAR: Lord Willingdon, the Viceroy of India, inspecting the Japaha Sugar Factory which was seriously damaged during the earthquake in January. It will be a long time before life in the province returns to normal



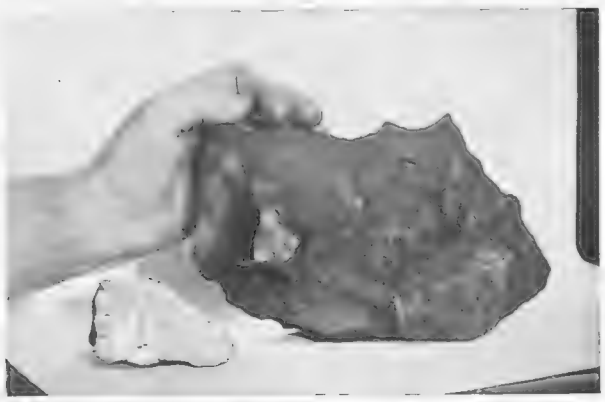
INDIAN RULING FAMILIES UNITED: The Rajah of Akalkot (right) whose marriage to Princess Mary, Kamala Rajah Scindhia, sister of the young Maharajah of Gwalior (left), took place recently at Gwalior. The bride is named after Queen Mary

THE DEMOBILIZATION OF THE HEIMWEHR: Now that quiet has once again been restored in Austria, the Heimwehr, the nation's auxiliary defence force, is gradually being diminished and the men are resuming their normal occupations. In this picture Chancellor Dollfuss is seen with President Miklas (right) at a demobilization ceremony in Vienna

HANDING IT TO THE MARINES: Miss Ida Lupino, while playing in the American film, *Come on, Marines*—in which the cast was assisted by members of the 1st Battalion 25th Reserve Marines—chanced to pick up an official report recounting the heroic exploits of the battalion during the War. Miss Lupino was so stirred by the accounts that she has presented a gold trophy to the Commander, Major John J. Flynn, which he will award annually to the company attaining the highest standard of efficiency

MME ALEXANDRA PILSUDSKI, wife of Marshal Pilsudski, the Polish dictator, with her two daughters Wandeczka and Jagodka at their Warsaw home. The Marshal assumed supreme authority over Poland in May, 1926

THE GARDEN SUBURB OF JARWAL IN THE WESTERN QUARTER OF MECCA: In the background, and in the centre of the picture, is the barracks, while the main s... left. *On right*—PILGRIMAGE BY MOTOR BUS: Crossing the desert en route ... Mecca. The celebrations this year ...



FOUND BY MR. ST. JOHN PHILBY IN THE HEART OF THE SOUTHERN ARABIAN DESERT: A mass of iron weighing about 25 lb., which probably fell during a hail of meteorites centuries ago. It is now in the Natural History Museum, South Kensington

The writer of this article has had a most interesting career. He was born at Badula, Ceylon, in 1885, and was educated at Westminster and Cambridge, where he distinguished himself both in classics and modern languages. He joined the Indian Civil Service in 1908 and served as Assistant Commissioner at Jhelum, Rawalpindi, Shahpur, Multan, Ambala, and Dera Ghazi Khan. In 1915 he went to Mesopotamia as Political Officer, and some years later crossed the Arabian Peninsula from Uqair to Jidda, and was the first European to visit the southern provinces of Najd. From 1930 to 1932 he was engaged in further explorations in Arabia which included the crossing of the Rub'al Khali Desert. For some years he has been living at Jidda and to-day resides in Mecca.

The Meccan Pilgrimage is a very ancient institution dating back traditionally to the days of Abraham. But it was the Prophet Muhammad who laid it down as a definite rule that every Muslim should perform the pilgrimage rites at Mecca at least once in his (or her) lifetime *if able to do so*. Sickness and poverty are valid excuses, but in general each person is left in this matter to the judgment of his own conscience. And all through the centuries which have passed since the days of the Prophet, Mecca has drawn vast numbers of pilgrims from all parts of the Muslim world, however distant. From Morocco in the west and from Turkestan in the east, from northern Poland and from the Cape of Good Hope they come in their thousands, though of late years the economic depression, particularly depressing to the mainly agricultural population of Islam, has tended to restrict the annual visitation to modest numbers. This year, for instance, scarcely more than 20,000 pilgrims are expected from overseas in comparison with a normal average of 100,000, but even the latter figure is astonishingly small considering that the total population of Islam must be something like 200,000,000.

This year the actual ceremony of the pilgrimage fell on Sunday, March 25, but several thousands of overseas pilgrims were in the country for some months preparing themselves for the great climax of their lives with which goes absolution for all past sins. But the main rush of pilgrims is concentrated in the month or so preceding the pilgrimage date, and Jidda is kept busy with the arrival of steamers at frequent intervals. After a few days at the seaport, during which the pilgrims make a point of visiting the now demolished tomb of Eve, they go off by camel or by motor car either to Mecca direct or to Madina, where a visit to the shrine and tomb of the Prophet forms part of the ritual programme. Those who are impatient to go direct to Mecca, however, p... the visit to Madina off till after the pilgrimage, an... make the most of their short sojourn at Mecca t... imbibe something of its atmosphere, and to visi... the historic sites with which the Holy City i... profusely dotted, though the demolition of many tombs of Islamic saints by the iconoclastic Wah... habis after their conquest of the country in 19... has rather seriously impaired the architectur... aspect of the Islamic capital.

The main centre of attraction, however, is th... Great Mosque itself, which stands unique an... beautiful as it was rebuilt during the sixteent... century by the early Ottoman caliphs. And in th... centre of its immense, open court, often filled t... overflowing by worshippers in a good pilgrim... season, stands the Ka'ba or House of God, pro... bably the simplest historic building in all the... world, a tall, gaunt cube of masonry draped wit... a rich pall of black silk. This pall used to b... sent yearly as a present to the Great Mosque... by the Caliph himself or his Egyptian viceroy... and was popularly known to the world as the Ho... Carpet. This practice has, however, been di... continued since the transformation of Arabi... into an independent kingdom, and each year t...

A SEA OF TENTS: The camp at Muna du... the

THE FAITHFUL AT 'ARAFAT: The ceremony of "standing" on this sacred area is the principal event of the pilgrimage

THE MECCAN PILGRIMAGE: By H. St. John Philby

here that the pilgrims stay on arrival in the Holy City. In leading to the Great Mosque runs along the valley on the 'Arafat, the sacred area about fifteen miles south-east of place on Sunday, March 25

THE EASTERN QUARTER OF MECCA through which runs the pilgrims' road to 'Arafat. The double peak towards the left is known as the Mountain of Pride

he pilgrimage ceremonies. In the centre is the Royal Palace

pall is now made in Mecca, thus providing some of the inhabitants of the city with much-needed work in these hard times.

Two or three days before the actual pilgrimage ceremonies all the pilgrims and most of the inhabitants of Mecca go forth in a mighty exodus to the plain of 'Arafat, where Adam and Eve are supposed to have met after their expulsion from Eden and subsequent wanderings. In the midst of this plain stands a little monticle known as Jabal al Rahma or Mount of Mercy, around which (but facing towards Mecca) the pilgrims have to "stand" from about midday till sunset—bareheaded and clad in the scanty pilgrim garments consisting of two simple pieces of cloth or towels, one round the middle and the other covering the upper part of the body. This "standing"—a severe enough ordeal when the sun is at its height and particularly in the summer season—constitutes the central feature of the pilgrimage and may be performed literally, *i.e.*, actually standing on one's feet, or seated on a camel, in a motor-car, or on the ground, and even under cover if desired, for which purpose many people take out their tents with them.

At sunset the ceremony is over, and the whole vast concourse of pilgrims joins in a wild stampede to the village of Muna, about three miles from Mecca, where the next three days of the 'Id or Bairam are spent in solemn festival. The pilgrim garments are now discarded for holiday garb after a brief visit to Mecca to perform the circumambulation of the Ka'ba and the ceremony of running between the two mounds of Safa and Marwa in celebration of the frantic efforts of Hagar to find water in the desert—as the valley of Mecca was in those days—for her infant son, Ishmael, the progenitor of the Arab race. The ceremonies at Muna consist only in sacrificing sheep as a thankoffering for a successfully performed pilgrimage and in stoning the "devil" on three separate days at each of the three places at which he is reputed by tradition to have appeared before Abraham to dissuade him from obeying the command of the Almighty to sacrifice Ishmael (not Isaac as in the Jewish tradition). At each spot a whited masonry pillar has been built up to receive the stones and execrations of the pilgrim mob.

And so once more, as each year through all the centuries behind us, the last stones will be flung at the "devils" on March 28 and the pilgrimage will be over. Thereafter for a month there will be all the activity and movement connected with the returning stream of pilgrims to Jidda, where the great ships will be in waiting to carry them away to the Far East and the Far West. And then only those will remain yet a little while in the country who have deferred their visit to the Prophet until after the pilgrimage. These too will have gone in a further month and the Holy Cities of Islam will settle down again to the torpor of the dead season, which seems likely this year to be disturbed by war or rumours of war on the distant frontiers of Yaman, where at the moment of writing the representatives of the Wahhabi King and the Imam Yahya of the Yaman are actually forgathered in conference to organize peace if possible.

PILGRIMS ON THE PLAIN OF 'ARAFAT below the great granite mass of the Hill of Mercy

ON GUARD OUTSIDE THE MAGISTRATE'S HOUSE AT MIDNAPORE, BENGAL: It was here that the magistrate, Mr. Burge, was murdered by terrorists

IN BENGAL TO-DAY

Life at Chittagong, where no European is Safe Without a Gun — Terrorists Who Have Sworn to Kill Every White Man or Die in the Attempt

BY H. C. S. GRUBB

Fantastic situations are of daily occurrence in the armed camp that is Chittagong of to-day, headquarters of the terrorists of Eastern Bengal, who have sworn to kill every white man or to die in the attempt. The rule is that every European shall carry a loaded gun at all times, and it is obeyed strictly and literally to the last letter of the words "at all times."

To one's morning bath one takes a towel and a revolver. A game of bridge is reminiscent of Deadwood Gulch in the wild and woolly West, with four vicious weapons close to hand. At dancing, the very best-dressed young men fancy a small pistol held in the left hand. These heavy Colts and automatics do disturb the set of one's evening coat so terribly!

IN THE WAKE OF THE INDIAN EARTHQUAKE: A damaged railroad bridge at Sitamarhi, Bengal

The church is heavily guarded by armed men. The padre has his gun beside him on his reading desk and takes it with him into the pulpit for, where two or three white men are gathered together, there would a terrorist like to be in the midst of them. The more spacious games such as cricket and golf, which are spread over a large area of ground, require more detailed methods.

It so happens that the scorer for the Chittagong XI is the prettiest girl in the station, and on her table lie thirteen wicked black guns, fully charged. The umpires carry two guns each, strapped across them, and the ground is completely surrounded by armed Ghurkas. The possibilities of golf are, perhaps, not always realized at home where bunkers and other obstacles stay put. In Chittagong the links are continually patrolled by armed squads. If there is an undoubted pleasure in laying a nice approach over a platoon dead on the pin, it is slightly less pleasing to hit a full iron shot into a sergeant-major. A car containing natives is stopped 200 yards away from the player. It has been found difficult to ram down a long putt under the fear of a snapshot from just behind.

The Indian Republican Army is modelled on the Irish Republican Army, if it is modelled on anything at all. Irish literature is freely found among its adherents. The army is purely anti-British, and equally anti-Anglo-Indian—who sympathize with and support the British. Although all its members are Hindus, there is no religious motive behind it nor is it Gandhi-ist or non-co-operative. It is drawn from the better class of youth from seventeen to twenty-five years of age, sons of well-to-do Indian gentlemen, and consequently well educated and speaking fluent English. The Eastern Bengal contingent, with headquarters in the neighbourhood of Chittagong, are mostly educated at the Chittagong College and number perhaps 100—certainly not more. Promising boys are taken in hand as early as twelve years of age and carefully trained in revolutionary and anti-British methods with appropriate literature. That its results have not been more murderous is attributed, first, to the normal native disinclination to produce a finished article, to the defence measures, and—quite frankly—to luck.

The instances of sheer luck in saving of European life have been so numerous as to cause apprehension that they cannot continue. A very elaborate raid on the European Club was planned for Easter Monday, 1930, at 9 p.m., when every European would have been present. The raiders—erroneously—thought that their plans had been discovered, and suddenly changed the date to Good Friday. The raid was completely successful in every detail except that no single white man was in the building. Shortly afterwards, a native policeman, for no earthly reason except that he felt like it, or wanted to be objectionable, stopped a sweeper bearing a heavy bundle and demanded to see what was in it. Examination disclosed two land mines, and on inquiry it was found that others had already been planted under the tennis pavilion, all due to explode that same afternoon. A leading European was forty minutes late for his office one day for some trifling domestic reason, by which time lurking gunmen had been discovered in it and cleared out. On January 7 of this year, after a cricket match,* there was a raid on a hill used as a grandstand, where the entire European colony were having tea. Three bombs were thrown. One went off and did no damage at the bottom of the hill. The other two fell among the Europeans and failed to explode. In the excitement that followed one man was shot in the hand, and that by his orderly.

What measures are being taken to counteract this terrorism? In the first place there are the Ghurkas, among the finest of His Majesty's troops. Ghurkas hate Bengalis and are heart and soul in the business of stamping them out. Asked for a description of a Bengali, a Ghurka replied: "He is not a man, he is not a woman, he is a Bengali." It is safe to assume that all the terrorists are known and recognized. They dare not show their faces in Chittagong where the bazaar is thick with informers, mostly Muhammadans. They live in the surrounding villages and every movement is watched.

The Ghurkas search every village once a week. They delight in conducting the search at about 2 a.m., and turn out into the street every man, woman, and child, every stick of furniture, and every article in the stores. The law further allows the right to search any Indian, anywhere, but there is no law which allows the deportation of a member of a revolutionary body. Reinforcing the Ghurkas are companies of Jats and a smart volunteer company; also an 8 p.m. curfew on all natives, and numerous restrictions as to where they may or may not move. It may be added that the Briton in Chittagong is not over-enthusiastic about British law. While admitting all its usual attributes, it is, he thinks, too cumbersome and too gentle as a deterrent to terrorism. Serja Sen, the assassin leader, was arrested last April and hanged only this year, by which time he was a forgotten nonentity. A doctor who harboured him received eighteen months, and was probably well paid for his trouble. The instances are numerous.

There are two possible ends to the whole thing, one legal and one illegal. The legal remedy—that of suppression, arrest, and trial—is long and tedious but sure. The illegal is almost as much to be feared as the Terrorist Army itself, and comes from the Muhammadan side. The natives undoubtedly lead a dog's life, and the huge Muhammadan population of the district cannot possibly enjoy being driven from pillar to post and searched in every street and at all times of the night for the sins of the detested Hindus. A Muhammadan rising is always to be feared, aggravated by the known fact that thousands of Muhammadans from the hills are ready and waiting to join their brothers in town in a general massacre of all Hindus, which would certainly wipe out the terrorists but would only leave a different and equally unpleasant chaos.

Meanwhile the European population—perhaps 150 strong—just has to carry on in the face of very real danger. Every man carries arms and every woman has learnt to use a rifle. In fact, last year, the women's shooting team took the cup from the men. There is a general feeling of nervous intensity about the place. Men go about their business with eyes on both sides of their heads, peering behind trees and into nullahs and behind doors. If any good can come out of such a situation, it is that the colony is one colony, friendly and warm-hearted, in the common presence of peril.

A bullet is quite indifferent as to whether it hits a Burra Sahib or the newest arrival. There is none of that far-famed snobbishness in the East which separates the great men from the new men as by an unbreachable wall. "We don't know why we stick it," they say, "in a place like this, but we do. It will be all right so long as we stick it together."

AN ARMED GUARD AT MIDNAPORE: a centre of unrest in Bengal

* Illustrated in THE SPHERE of February 3

A CAMERA IN GREENLAND AND NOVA SCOTIA

A SLEDGE DOG HOLDING A MUSK-OX AT BAY: A remarkable picture taken in North-East Greenland. The musk-ox, which is now found only in the most northern parts of the American continent, measures about 5 ft. from the tip of the nose to the root of the tail. The flesh of the cows and calves, when in condition, is particularly palatable and has several times saved members of Arctic expeditions from starvation

A BIRCH-BARK HUNTING HORN with which the guides imitate the cry of the cow-moose and attract the bulls toward the guns

HOMEWARD BOUND WITH THE SPOILS OF THE CHASE after a moose-hunting expedition in the woods near New Grafton, Nova Scotia

IN THE HEART OF THE MOOSE-HUNTING COUNTRY: Hunters resting in a cave in the Mount Tom district of Nova Scotia. The moose is the largest living member of the deer family and to-day is found only in the most secluded forest regions

"A LECTURE ON THE ORRERY": From a painting by Joseph Wright, the well-known Derbyshire artist of the eighteenth century. The orrery is a machine so constructed as to represent, by its movements, the motions and phases of the planets in their orbits

WHAT THE STARS FORETELL

The Present Revival of Interest in Astrology

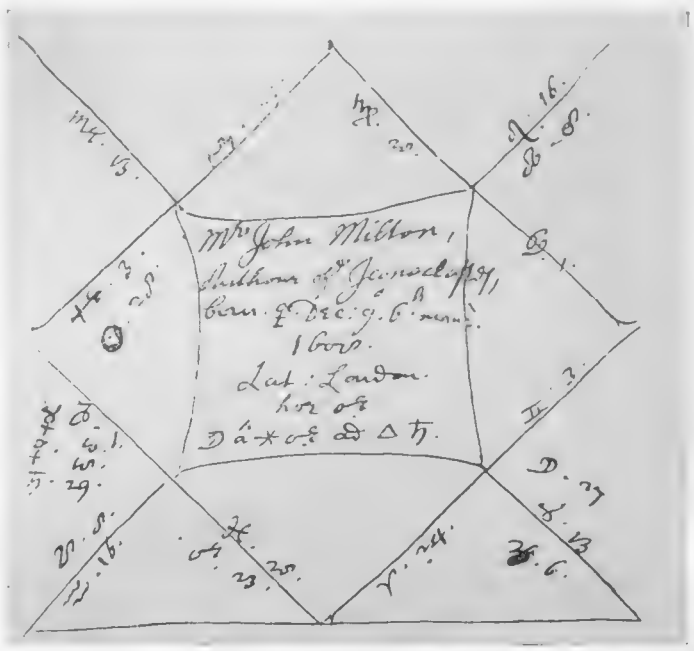
By CHARLES GRAVES

EBENEZER SIBLY, author of *A New and Complete Illustration of the Celestial Science of Astrology* and many other works on the same subject. This eighteenth-century astrologer wrote the horoscopes of Pitt, Fox, and Sheridan

One of the most interesting social phenomena to-day is the widespread interest in astrology. Just after the War spiritualism had a great vogue, largely because so many people wanted to get in touch with their relatives killed in the War. Clairvoyance also became fashionable. Then came numerology from America, which was quickly exploded, and now there is this revival of astrology. The widespread interest in it can be partly attributed to the weekly article by Mr. Naylor in *The Sunday Express*, and partly also to the many recent references in the national dailies to the prognostications of Indian astrologers, who are said to have predicted with exactitude the great earthquake the other day. Further interest is aroused by the fact that these same Indian astrologers predict that there will be without any doubt another world war some time this year.

To-day there are several thousand people who actually can draw up horoscopes. There are several thousand more who like to have their horoscope drawn up for them. Frankly I am one myself. Such is the interest in it that there is a quarterly magazine devoted purely to the subject, with a very considerable circulation. There is the Astrological Lodge which meets in Queen's Square, Bloomsbury, every week; there is an Astrological Society. There are various text-books published in England and America. There is also a considerable sale of talismanic jewellery. In fact, the belief in this form of foretelling the future is sufficiently wide to deserve investigation.

Astrology, I have discovered, depends on the theory that everything is affected by vibrations. Belief in these vibrations is accentuated by the transatlantic telephone. As most of us learned at school, the solar system consists of a complete series of eight planets and smaller bodies called planetoids regularly circulating in orderly form, and at variously ordered distances under the control of the sun, round the sun itself. They work together so accurately that the position of each planet can be foretold thousands of years in advance, and also can be told backwards for thousands of years. All these must work in harmony with the whole like a clock's interior, and just as any interference in any part of the clock will cause it to stop, it is assumed that this would happen to the earth if the planets interfered with one another. For interruption might cause our precipitation into the sun. The principle of astrology, therefore, is based on the action and inter-action relatively of each planet with its fellows, its planetary moons, and the sun itself, with the consequent vibrationary effects on human beings.



MILTON'S HOROSCOPE drawn up by John Gadbury, the astrologer. The original is still in existence

In recent years, say the astrologers, the world has been influenced by Uranus, which seems to have pushed in, so to speak, nearer to earth affairs than the other planets. The period was foretold long ago as the Aquarian Age. This began, roughly, in 1908, when King Manoel of Portugal had to flee the country. Uranus is particularly interesting to England because the planet is supposed to bring about new influences stimulating creative inventions, radicalism, and electrical matters. It is said to work with determination to go ahead whether conditions are favourable or not. In consequence, during the intimate rule of this planet, which has been sitting in the House of Aries (the house of England), Socialism and all the rest of it have been rampant. It was Uranus, they say, that made the Great War possible. Not that Uranus is always a bad boy. When influences are carried out with balance, good inevitably results. Thus all the real inventions, such as flying and chemical discoveries, come under Uranus.

For the last eight years, Uranus has been in the House of Aries which rules Great Britain. It has only one year more to go. That is why England has been carrying the baby for Europe (say the astrologers), but will soon cease to do so. Uranus is already approaching Taurus, which rules Ireland. Its influence is seen already, and foretells a stormy time from 1935 onwards in the distressful country. One oddity about Uranus is that he revolves clockwise, unlike our world, so his vibrations (this is the theory) are hard to absorb. Taurus is also the House of the Grecian Archipelago —Poland, Persia, part of Russia, as well as Mantua, Halma, Rhodes, Palermo, Cyprus, and Leipzig. Astrologically, however, says my astrologer, Mr. William Thomas Pavitt, who is also the world's authority on talismans, war should not be possible in the Near East until at least the autumn. This is "owing to the strength and favourable aspects of Saturn and Jupiter to each other, and to Uranus."

What about the rest of the world? The United States, according to Mr. Pavitt, is due for a lot of ups and downs. That is because it comes under the rule of Gemini, which is primarily the House of Intellect, and to a large extent curiously dual in character. This generally means a national tendency to take up two things or more at the same time, and so possibly hinder success. Owing to its vitality and adaptability, however, it can make more false starts and ultimately get away with it than anyone else.

Germany is mostly affected by the moon, which involves publicity and may become animal under stress. It is odd that the swastika used by Hitler is the one which signifies progress through the material to the spirit, instead of the more usual swastika indicative of the power of the spirit working in the universe. Who knows Hitler has not been influenced, in spite of himself, by his symbol, and perhaps made his Peace Pact with Poland (which Geneva would have given its head to achieve) because of this?

The prediction of the Indian earthquake was, according to astrologers, a fairly simple matter—the sun and the moon at the time being in Capricorn (the House of India) in bad affliction to Uranus and Jupiter.

All this may sound like so much gibberish to most of you, but then so would quaternions, wouldn't they? It is a fact that the original Astronomer Royal had Greenwich Observatory built from a horoscope cast by himself. His name was Flamstead. The horoscope is preserved there to this day, and astrologers tell triumphantly the story of the anarchist who, many years ago, climbed to the top of the hill on which the Observatory was built, tripped over when depositing his bomb, which rolled down the hill with him and blew up harmlessly several yards away.

Until the death of Flamstead, indeed, it was very difficult to separate astronomy from astrology.

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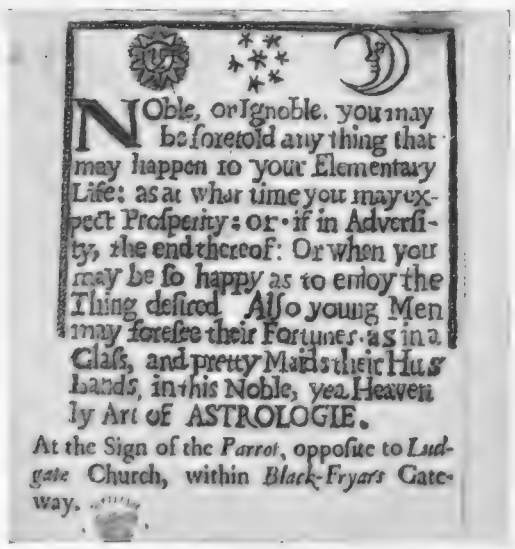


AN OLD ASTROLOGER'S ADVERTISEMENT announcing that at the Sign of the Parrot, opposite Ludgate Church, "You may be foretold anything that may happen to your elementary life: as at what time you may expect prosperity, or, if in adversity, the end thereof"

A DISTINGUISHED SIXTEENTH-CENTURY MATHEMATICIAN AND ASTROLOGER: Dr. John Dee who was asked by Lord Dudley to name a propitious date for the coronation of Queen Elizabeth. His life was one of continual ups and downs, but he was usually helped out of his financial difficulties by the Queen. At one period he professed to be able to raise spirits by incantation

COMMUNICATING AHEAD AND ASTERN

Signalling from H.M.S. "Hood" During the Recent Combined Fleet Exercises

Visual signalling is still kept at a high standard of efficiency by the Navy, partly because wireless in time of war would give away a ship's position, and partly because wireless messages are liable to be jammed by the enemy. This picture was taken during the recent combined exercises of the Home and Mediterranean Fleets in the Atlantic. The man in the centre is showing the alphabetical signal announcing that he wishes to communicate with H.M.S. *Renown* which is a short distance astern; while another signaller is sending a message to a vessel ahead by means of the mechanical semaphore. Through a "cruiser glass" it is possible on clear days to read these messages up to a distance of five or six miles, as the arms of the signaller are always silhouetted against the sky. Two men are also seen in this picture standing by to haul down the distinguishing signals, which are kept flying while the messages are being sent out

NAVAL ORDERS: "Clear up decks"

PIPES: The boatswain's maté still shouts the majority of hi down the hatchways despite the installation of loudspe the mess deck

THE NAVY CARRIES ON

Since the beginning of the year the Home Fleet has been away on what is by tradition known as the Spring Cruise, small scale exercises sandwiched in with the duty of showing the White Ensign in various spots, from the intensely patriotic West Indian Islands to Republican Spain, and finishing up with a meeting with the Mediterranean Fleet which gave sufficient numbers for some pretence at realistic manœuvres. They were made more realistic by the worst of weather and the severely critical eye of the Board of Admiralty. They are now returned to Home Waters and preparing for what the Navy calls a "Hurrah Cruise" in the summer months, touring the seaside resorts and letting the taxpayer see what he is paying for. It is a necessity in these democratic days, but the Navy likes it to be known that the preparation for war is a more serious business.

It is not often that My Lords of the Admiralty express their appreciation, except in the cases of individual officers or men when their words receive little publicity, but the times are abnormal. There is a big section of the thinking public which is very seriously perturbed at the state of the Fleet after many years' starvation, and a still bigger section of the unthinking public which is indifferent and whose interest may be urgently needed very soon. So the silence which is all that is usually expected after a full-size and searching inspection has been abandoned this year, and a long message issued to the Service and the public.

It is a stirring message whose sentiments will give a good deal of encouragement to the officers and men, especially the younger ones, but it is an extremely carefully-worded one. All ranks and the organization of the Fleet receive their full measure of praise, but the material side is dismissed in very few words.

That is as it should be; had they gone to the same length with the ships as they did for the men the message would have struck a very false note, and the Navy has no use for "eye-wash." Everybody knows that the material is not at all what it should be. But it is all that is to be had, so they make the best of it and carry on.

The capital ships with their historic names of proud tradition are still the "Gold Reserve of the Navy," but there are only twelve of them able to hoist the pennant, and not a single one in reserve for an emergency; the three others are out of commission for a long time to come. It is true that the *Nelson* and the *Rodney* are the most modern and powerful battleships afloat, but of the remainder only two were launched less than eighteen years ago, and against that the United States has eight and Japan four. Even the most expensive modernizing and continual tinkering will never make a new ship, and they have done as much as, or more of that than we have.

In cruisers it is worse. In place of the far-flung screen that should always be with the battle fleets to make them really effective fighting

H.M.S. "DIAMOND" almost disappears in the trough of a large swell. She is a destroyer of 1,375 tons and entered the service in 1932. Her armament consists of four 4.7-in. guns and one 3-in. anti-aircraft gun

ANSWERING A SIGNAL TO GO FULL SPEED AHEAD ON LEAVING HARBOUR: Destroyers of the First Flotilla of the Mediterranean Fleet speeding out from Gibraltar to take part in the combined Fleet exercises in the Atlantic

weapons there are with the Home Fleet four 7,000-ton ships of the "Leander" class, mounting a total of thirty-two 6-in. guns, and with the Mediterranean Fleet four tin-clads of the unhappy "Washington" type, the product of the well-meaning treaty-makers who forgot the constantly repeated lesson of history that in such international agreements the maximum is inevitably made the minimum, and two ships of the D class designed for particular service in the North Sea. Omitting the two obsolete ships of the C class which house the staffs of the destroyer flotillas, the cruiser force of the combined fleets can muster only thirty-two 8-in. and forty-four 6-in. guns under ten pennants, while France has twelve ships mounting fifty-six 8-in. and forty-one 6-in. guns, and Italy fifteen ships with fifty-six 8-in. and sixty-four 6-in. guns, with more rapidly approaching completion. All the French and Italian ships are of post-War construction and, not having to consider the same conditions as the British, have a higher average speed. And practically all of them are in Home Waters.

This lack of cruisers, and what there are are very grudgingly spared from the protection of the trade lanes and distant Possessions, naturally throws extra work on to the destroyers. Those wonderful little vessels can do remarkable things, but they are called upon to tackle far too many jobs for which they were never designed and which are far beyond their size. The tonnage which is allowed us under the Treaty of London has to be rationed very severely to make it go round the flotillas which have to be maintained, so that the displacement of our destroyers has only increased from 1,352 to 1,375 tons between the 1924–5 and the 1932–3 estimates, while the United States are building them between 1,500 and 1,850 tons, Japan has a big fleet of 1,700 tonners, and France, having very wisely refused to sign the London Treaty, has built ships up to 2,569 tons which are called flotilla leaders for want of a better name.

So it is with submarines; our numbers are far down in comparison with the other important navies, and a large proportion of them of war construction whose replacement should have been arranged long ago. But the men will break their hearts in keeping them as near the mark as their age permits, and in the spirit of "The Trade," as the Submarine

(Cont. on p. 44)

THE OLD ORDER REMAINETH: As in other walks of life the cigarette is gaining in popularity in the Navy, and the order "out pipes," at the end of a brief stand easy, now usually means the pinching of the lighted end off a cigarette

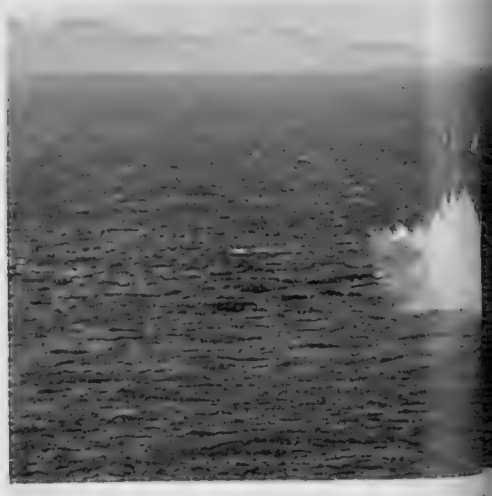
HANGING ON FOR DEAR LIFE: During rough weather a life line, consisting of the largest rope the ship has available, is placed from bows to stern, and all men making their way along the deck must use it

SINGLE LINE AHEAD: The First Destroyer Flotilla following H.M.S. *Revenge* in perfect formation. The *Revenge* is a battleship of the *Royal Sovereign* Class with a displacement of over 25,000 tons. She flies the flag of Admiral Sir Roger R. C. Backhouse, Second in Command of the Mediterranean Fleet

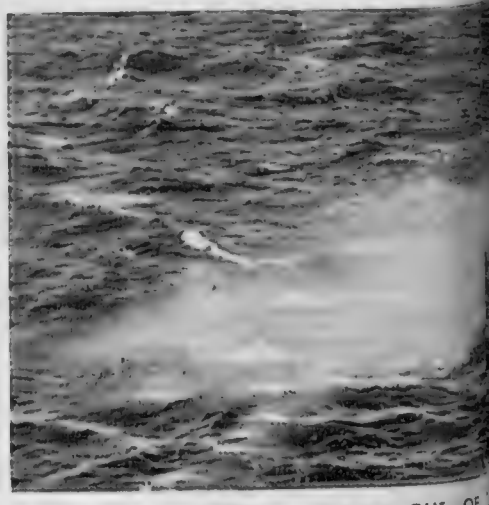
WITH THE HOME AND

PASSING THE ROCK: H.M.S. *Sussex*, temporary flagship of the 1st Cruiser Squadron. Both the Home and Mediterranean Fleets assembled at Gibraltar after their recent exercises

FULL SPEED AHEAD THROUGH AN ANGRY SEA: A picture taken near the bows of the flotilla leader *Duncan* as the vessel was returning to Gibraltar



PERIL FROM ABOVE: An aerop Fl torpedo a hip



A TORPEDO LEAPING OUT OF aft by an aeroplane o Air

MEDITERRANEAN FLEETS

Air Photographs by Charles E. Brown

THE MAJESTY OF MIGHT: H.M.S. *Queen Elizabeth* making for Gibraltar harbour with unhurried dignity. She carries the flag of Admiral Sir William Fisher, Commander-in-Chief of the Mediterranean Fleet

Fleet Air Arm launching a hip

after it had been released Air Arm

THE AFTERMATH OF THE STORM: Members of the crew of H.M.S. *Hood* repairing the damage done to the boats during a gale. This battle-cruiser, which is of over 40,000-tons displacement, is the largest warship in the world

THE WINTER VISIT OF THE FLEET TO THE WEST INDIES: The men from the different warships parading at St. Kitts

SUNDAY ON THE AIRCRAFT-CARRIER "COURAGEOUS": The men dispersing after Divine service

THE RETURN OF THE LIGHT CRUISER

The New "Arethusa" and Her Various Duties Discussed

By Frank C. Bowen

The launch of the new cruiser, *Arethusa*, at Chatham is yet another corner turned in the British Navy's road which leads back to a balanced fleet designed entirely for the country's needs, away from the 10,000-ton monstrosities of the "Washington" type, named after the unfortunate Disarmament Conference which had the inevitable psychological result of making the maximum laid down the minimum aimed at by every Power, and which, in the opinion of most Service observers, wasted millions when they were most needed. All the big maritime Powers have built these ships, and it would, of course, have been suicide for Britain to have allowed other Powers to possess such ships without having anything that could meet them.

Even worse than the money sunk is the fact that the necessary number of 8-in. gun ships, to meet similar ships owned by other Powers, has bitten very deeply indeed into the quota of cruiser tonnage allowed to us under the Treaty of London. It has forced on the Navy a very unfortunate compromise. Numbers are necessary in cruisers in order that we may be protected at all points, especially our essential food supplies from overseas, but to obtain these numbers out of the tonnage allowed us it is necessary to cut down the size of the individual ship until she can only do her work at considerable risk to herself and her ship's company. This is naturally a risk that must not be taken too far, hence the development of the latest 9,000-ton type with a numerous battery of 6-inchers in place of several smaller vessels originally planned, but a certain measure of risk has to be taken, and at the tail end of the Fleet list comes a type in which we have to run this risk in order to get the necessary numbers for cover.

This type is the "Arethusa" class. The name ship is a vessel of 5,200 tons displacement, mounting six 6-in. guns in turrets whose disposition, four forward and two aft, clearly shows her purpose of pursuing marauders, while her speed, although not yet officially announced, is generally believed to be 33 knots.

The only other modern cruisers that can be compared to her in any way are the famous "Condottieri" class in the Italian Navy. This class is divided into five divisions of steadily increasing power.

Naval design works round in a vicious circle. The Italians immediately after the War planned their "Tigre" class as a comparatively inexpensive type of overgrown destroyer designed to carry out scout's duties in Mediterranean waters, and generally called a flotilla leader for lack of a better name. These ships had a standard displacement of 1,526 tons, an armament of eight 4·7-in. guns, and a speed of 34 knots. The French immediately replied with another "Tigre" class, 2,126 tons, five 5·1-in. guns, and 35½ knots. Any signatory to the London Treaty would have been forced to regard such ships as cruisers, but France refused to be a party to that document, and was at liberty to call the ships anything that she liked, and, moreover, to build as many of them as she chose, provided they did not exceed the Washington standard in individual displacement and gun calibre. And, the type appealing to the new French Navy very much indeed, she settled down to build a large number of them. Since the original programme of 1922 France has actually built thirty-one of these ships.

Convoying is one of the main purposes considered in the *Arethusa's* design. She is small enough to be handy and her battery of six 6-in. guns, although less numerous than the Italian, is more than a flotilla leader would care to face, for after all that vessel is only an enlarged destroyer, and in order to obtain her speed it is necessary to have plating that can be pierced by the smallest shell, while the *Arethusa* could withstand a big volume of 5·5 shell-fire. She is, if one is to judge by the photographs published of her launch, essentially a healthy vessel that can ride over seas that would be fatal to the speed of an enlarged destroyer, and at the same time afford her crew the measure of comfort that is essential for good health. It is true that there appears to be a very big margin between the flotilla leader's thirty-seven knots and the *Arethusa's* thirty-three, but in practice that difference exists principally in a flat calm; as soon as there is any sea, the flotilla leader, remarkable ship as she is, is bound to lose speed long before her pursuer.

If that type of convoying were the only duty which was likely to be tackled by the new "Arethusa" class, its numbers, three ships only down to the present estimates, would appear to be ludicrously inadequate; but it is only one function out of many.

Between the beginning of the century and the outbreak of war Germany built light cruisers in steady progression, two ships per annum and each class a slight improvement on the last. We let them get ahead of us for a time and then countered with the famous "Town" class, which on most points was superior to their best. But fortunately, as events in the War clearly proved, the Admiralty saw the necessity for the smaller types as well, beginning with the *Boadicea* in 1909, a fast little ship that was far inferior to the Germans. This light design worked through the "Arethusa" type, which were completing when war broke out, to the famous "C" class, which was the mainspring of our North Sea cruiser operations during the War, and the "D" class, which were beginning to hoist the pennant when the Armistice was signed. It is interesting to look back at the Press of that period and to find that the early "Arethusa" class was subjected to the same bombardment of criticism as the "Arethusa" class of to-day; of the "C" class and the work that it did during the War there can be nothing but praise.

There seemed to be nothing for which these little ships could not be called upon. They led flotillas of lighter craft and were aptly described as "destroyers of destroyers." They supplied a large part of the cruiser screen required by the Grand Fleet battleships in the latter days of the War. They carried out many dashing raids into enemy waters and under Tyrwhitt's flag in the Harwich force. They convoyed merchantmen in the narrow waters and often far out to sea. They bombarded German positions on shore. They intercepted raiding aircraft and assailed them with their high-angle batteries. They attacked submarines, protected minesweepers clearing a path for the fleet or commerce, patrolled the lanes which had to be kept open for merchantmen, and performed a hundred other duties. So it is likely to be in the case of the *Arethusa*, whose tonnage has been forced up by the progress of naval development to a level greater than that of the later "Town" class cruisers, whose war functions were more nearly those of the 7,000-ton "Leander" class of the present day.

In radius of action, range of guns, seaworthiness, habitability, and external and internal protection for ship and crew, the *Arethusa* is undoubtedly greatly superior to the *Birmingham*, although definite figures have not yet been published by the Admiralty, nor actual sea experience obtained.

THE NAVY AT PLAY: While the Home and Mediterranean Fleets have been at Gibraltar the football grounds have been in almost constant use. Needless to say enthusiasm runs high on these occasions, and the Fleet Physical Training Officer is kept very busy arranging the times of play

A RECORD OF 95 ASSYRIAN KINGS

Found in the Ruins of King Sargon's Palace at Korsabad

THE LIBERMAN MEMORIAL DOORS

In the South African National Art Gallery

IN HONOUR OF A DISTINGUISHED MAYOR OF CAPE TOWN: The carved doors which have been erected in the South African National Art Gallery to commemorate Mr. Hyman Liberman's gift of a new wing to the gallery. *Left*—A detail from the carving surrounding the teakwood doors. *Right*—The four panels representing the products of the earth, the chase, the vine, and the sea

The Liberman Wing of the South African National Art Gallery is a gift under the will of the late Mr. Hyman Liberman. In erecting the new wing the trustees decided to honour the donor, who had been one of Cape Town's leading citizens for many years, and mayor of the city three times, by constructing as a fitting memorial to him these carved doors and panels. The memorial consists of a pair of doors leading into the wing and three other panels inside. They have been executed in specially prepared Burmah teak procured by the authorities of the South African Railways. Mr. J. S. Cleland, Secretary for Public Works, then Chief Government Architect, planned the memorial, leaving the actual task of decorating the panels to Mr. H. V. Meyerowitz, the sculptor, with complete freedom in the choice of design and style of execution.

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The employment of carved teakwood to adorn a building devoted to South African art is particularly appropriate. Teak is a traditional material in South Africa, and is a beautiful and durable wood which time does not wither, but only beautifies. The sculptor followed the style of the eighteenth-century Cape sculptor, Anton Anreith, who also carved his thoughts in teak to adorn a public building. Mr. Meyerowitz was assisted by his wife Mrs. E. L. R. Meyerowitz, and was occupied during the best part of three years in the designing and carving of the panels.

A REMARKABLE FIND: A tablet bearing the names of ninety-five kings of Assyria who ruled in unbroken succession. It was discovered at Korsabad and has been loaned to the University of Chicago

The tablet, which was found in King Sargon's Palace, measures only 5½ in. by 7⅛ in., but it is covered on both sides by cuneiform writing in four columns, containing nearly three hundred and fifty lines.

Although a careful translation has not as yet been made, a preliminary examination reveals that the writing gives in summary the reigns of about ninety-five kings of Assyria.

The importance of this record may be estimated when it is remembered that the chronology of rulers, which hitherto has furnished the framework of Assyrian history, goes back only to the last centuries of the second millennium B.C.

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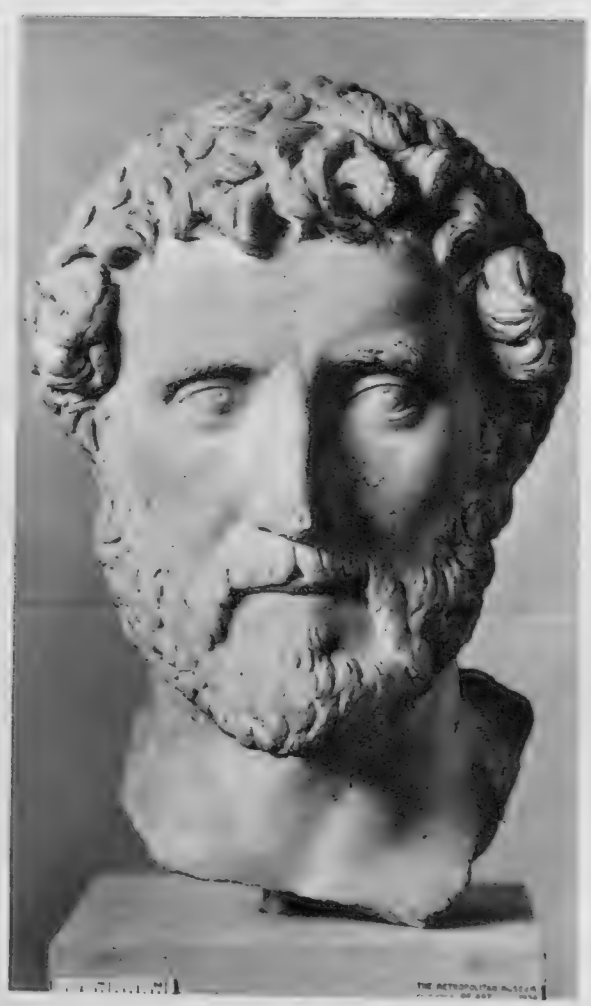
Commenting on the discovery, Professor James Henry Breasted of the Oriental Institute of the University of Chicago, said: "On this new tablet we have the kings of Assyria in unbroken succession from about the twenty-third or twenty-fourth century B.C., down to Ashur-nirari V. (755–746), a period of about 1,500 years. Ushpia, the earliest Assyrian king whose name was previously known, appears in the list as the last of a dynasty of nine kings who preceded him. Beginning with the period shortly after 2,000 B.C., the tablet states the number of years that each king of Assyria ruled. It thus furnishes a totally new, chronologically detailed chapter in our knowledge of Assyrian history."

The tablet is the property of the Iraq Government, which has agreed that it shall remain in the Oriental Institute of Chicago University until it has been copied.



A MARBLE HEAD OF ANTONINUS PIUS which has recently been acquired by the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York. The surviving portraits of this emperor, who reigned from A.D. 138 to A.D. 161, are outnumbered only by those of his predecessor Hadrian and his successor Marcus Aurelius. The reign of Antoninus was one of peace and prosperity. In private life the emperor was simple, temperate, and benevolent, and in public affairs he acted as the father of his people. The persecution of Christians was partly stayed by his mild measures

BOOKS:

Zacharias Conrad von Uffenbach—His Unflattering Picture of London in the Early Years of the Eighteenth Century; "The Five Silver Daughters"—Mr. Louis Golding's Saga of Jewish Life: Mr. Roger Fry's Agreeable Book on British Painting

By CECIL ROBERTS

A hundred years ago there travelled through the English countryside a German pastor named Moritz. He was a good, simple soul, of somewhat grave mind, as became his cloth, but ever ready to see the good in men, the bravery in life, and the beauty in landscape. Being a simple and economical soul he decided to undertake a walking tour.

He discovered to his dismay that no respectable person walked, he either rode on horseback or travelled by coach. Only the vagabonds, the abjectly poor and outcast, went on their feet. Poor man, he arrived one evening at Henley-on-Thames and endeavoured in vain to obtain a lodging. No roof would give him shelter, no table admit him to its board. He was afoot, he was therefore a vagabond and, by his speech, a foreign vagabond, and thereby doubly disreputable. Tired and hungry, he trudged on through the darkness to Nettlebed.

I feel distressed for the fair name of England when I think of it, and my distress is increased by a somewhat personal interest, for the road along which he trudged out of Henley ran past my garden gate.

He must have been a man of an extraordinarily sweet and forgiving nature. There is no bitterness in his account of English inhospitality. He is not prejudiced in his view of our national character, of our society and scenery, by the boorishness and incivility he encountered.

How different he was in nature, in generosity of spirit and broadmindedness, from another German traveller, a visitor to this island 100 years previously, Zacharias Conrad von Uffenbach. This visitor did not like us; indeed, he is so determined to disparage the English people and their mode of life that one wonders why he endured the considerable discomforts entailed by the journey from Germany to England. He was a pedant, proud of his learning, of his investigations in the arts and sciences. Well born, well educated, and wealthy, a book collector and connoisseur, he visited England and passed five months here. The present volume, **London in 1710 (Faber and Faber. 7s. 6d.)**, deals almost exclusively with his days in the capital. At the time of his visit he was twenty-seven years of age, born in Frankfurt-am-Main, and a student of Strassburg and Halle. At the age of twenty-eight, such was his zest for collecting, he possessed a library of 12,000 books. He revealed the customary observant mind and absence of humour of the German. His remarks were frequently critical and rarely appreciated.

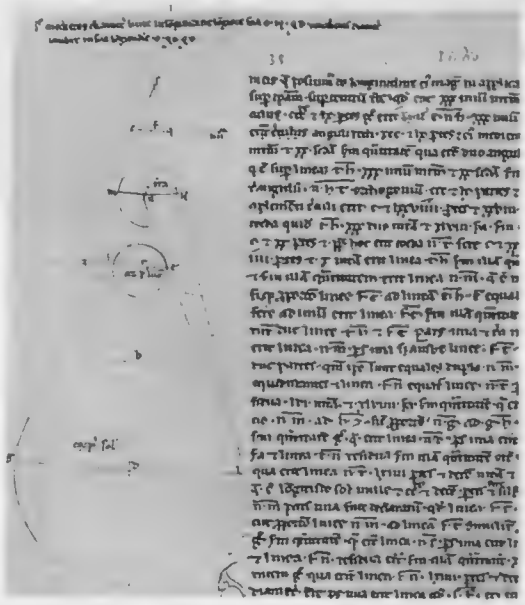
There are many signs that he was, like the Marquess Curzon, "a most superior person," though neither rank nor learning entitled him to the intellectual arrogance he often displayed. But his unsparing criticism, his gift for minute observation, and his patient record of experiences have value in that they give us a picture of the times, with all their gusty life and coarseness. He suffered somewhat from the circles he chose to visit. "The society which he frequented was that of professors, University Fellows, and savants of very mixed grades, of an occasional City magnate such as 'Mr. Cox a rich dealer in flax.'"

Von Uffenbach has an eye for clocks and engravings, these alone move him to praise. Visiting St. Paul's he was moved to admiration of the unfinished building, "I would maintain of this church that it is one of the finest buildings in the world for its size, elegance, and strength," but a clock won his enthusiasm. "I cannot sufficiently express my admiration for the elegant care, and neatness of the workmanship," he wrote of a clock in one of the turrets, which was the work of Langley Bradley, and lasted from 1708 until 1892. The library was next visited, and von Uffenbach characteristically observes "the keeper of the library is an Englishman, that is to say a person who concerns himself little about it."

Let it be said he was not always complimentary to his own countrymen. He encountered in a coffee-house opposite his inn a Baron Nimptsch, whom he commends for his curious erudition and upright character, but observes, acidly, "It is a pity that he is handsome neither in features nor appearance, and that his studies tend to make him cold and sluggish." Doubtless there was a robust coarseness in English life which was not modified by our notorious shyness, often mistaken for rudeness, in the presence of foreigners. Our reluctance to attempt a foreign tongue is often misunderstood. It was interpreted by the German as a determination on the part of English gentlemen not to speak French or German. He is enthusiastic over Dr. Hans Sloane, both because of his courtesy and his readiness to speak French to his guest. "He immediately addressed us in French, which was most amazing for an Englishman; for they would rather appear dumb than converse with a foreigner in any other language than their own, even if they should be quite capable of doing so."

London has lately been amusing itself with a depraved form of entertainment called "all-in wrestling," which makes a direct appeal to the sadistic instincts of the audience. There has always been something coarse in the sporting instincts of this race, with its bear-baiting, its pugilism, but we have advanced considerably since the days of Queen Anne. Even so fastidious a person as von Uffenbach did not resist the spectacle at the Bear Garden, where an Englishman fought a Moor with broadswords. "The good Moor received such a dreadful blow that he could not fight any longer. He was slashed from the left eye right down his cheek to his chin and jaw with such force that one could hear the sword grating against his teeth."

The River Thames is revealed as a popular and useful highway, although von Uffenbach regrets that it is so windy one cannot keep a wig on, which detracts from the pleasure of the journey. The age of Queen Anne, which gave us lovely furniture and houses, seems to have left an impression of boorishness on our German visitor. He moved in a somewhat narrow circle, and he wrote like a dyspeptic rather than as a cheerful traveller. The value of this book lies in its candour, so that any praise he gives must indeed have been deserved. If we compare the charming account of us by the kindly Moritz with the sharp, unflattering picture by von Uffenbach then either England must have improved out of all recognition in the course of a century, despite the attitude towards pedestrians, or the change was entirely in the eye of the beholder.



A RARE CODEX: Part of a page from a work on the science of the stars containing a marginal diagram of an eclipse. It dates from the twelfth century and is to be sold at Sotheby's on April 18 together with other early books and manuscripts relating to alchemy and the occult and physical sciences

ITALIAN MINIATURES OF THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY which will also be sold at Sotheby's on April 18. In the centre a king is seen standing with arms upraised and looking at the celestial spheres

Mr. Louis Golding's new novel, **The Five Silver Daughters (Gollancz. 8s. 6d.)**, is again a saga of Jewish life with a somewhat bewildering throng of characters passing through its pages. We start off once again in Dornington, but we are in Oleander Street, adjacent to Magnolia Street, where Mr. Silver, a hard-working general tailor with five daughters, keeps open house for some homeless anarchists. One of these, late of Russia, has business genius, and his association with Silver results in the rise of the latter to high prosperity and a country mansion. The various adventures of the five daughters provide Mr. Golding with a roving commission, and a large part of the story goes back into the antecedents of Mrs. Silver, and the history of a Jewish family settled on Russian soil. The Bolshevik revolution brings a granddaughter, married to an unscrupulous Commissar, face to face with her grandfather and her uncle, both under sentence of death for evading an agricultural edict. We are then switched off to Berlin, after an episode on the Riviera, to follow the amorous adventures of Elsie Silver, ex-music-hall artiste, ex-wife of an English baronet, whom she left because he cried in a dentist's waiting-room, and now the lover of an aristocratic German gigolo. Smirnof, the able partner of Silver, is also in Berlin, playing the Exchanges, and his dangerous manœuvres bring the Silver business crashing to the ground.

Mr. Golding stretches our credulity somewhat by making Silver refund all his wealth voluntarily to his creditors, and leaving the able Smirnof with something of a Whitaker Wright reputation, though throughout the story he seems to have had every virtue of industry and foresight. The story again exhibits Mr. Golding's tireless fecundity, his love of the international scene, his interpretation of the homely qualities of his Jews, and that fairy-tale touch by which great wealth, bizarre adventure, and picturesque poverty are all brought within the compass of a single family with ramifications stretching to many capitals.

The exhibition at Burlington House has provided many volumes on British Art. **Mr. Roger Fry in Reflections on British Painting (Faber and Faber. 7s. 6d.)** has avoided the patronising, depreciatory manner which has characterized too many of these volumes. I am glad to see he is brave enough to put in a word for Sir Thomas Lawrence, whose portraits have given me as much pleasure as any British portrait painter, not excluding Gainsborough, Hoppner, and Reynolds. "Lawrence is one of our greatest masters. I use the word master in rather a narrow sense. I do not mean by it quite the same as one of our greatest artists. I mean that he showed a consummate mastery over the means of artistic expression—that he had an unerring eye and hand . . . In this respect a man like Reynolds was a bungler in comparison, and even Gainsborough was hardly his equal." I am grateful to Mr. Fry for the courage of these words when most of our art critics seem to demand myopia in their painters and arthritis in their sculptors.

On the morning on which I wrote these lines I found myself gazing at an excellent memorial statue erected to Bonington, outside the Nottingham School of Art. He was the first of that Notts galaxy which has included since Nicholson, Laura Knight, Arnesby Browne, Tom Browne, William Kiddier, and Denholm Davis. Bonington's conquest of fame was swift and sure. "In that extraordinary constellation of talents that marks British art at the beginning of the nineteenth century Bonington appears with the brilliance and brevity of a comet. He only lived twenty-six years, from 1802 to 1828, but his precocity and productivity were so great that his pictures are not very rare . . . One must suppose his native gift to have been one of the most extraordinary ever seen." What an amazing opening of the nineteenth century that was, with Shelley, Keats, Byron, and Bonington all cut off in their youth, all within a few years, enriching our national possessions. Mr. Fry's very agreeable book, well illustrated, avoids the art jargon to which critics too often subject us, and he attempts no coercion of the reader's opinions.

On page 44 of this issue will be found a complete index of published and yet to be published works of fiction, biography, etc., received by THE SPHERE during the past week.

HOSTESSES OF THE AIR

And Other Matters of Aerial Interest

THE FLYING HOSTESSES: These girls distribute books and magazines, and describe interesting features of the flight to passengers on the Chicago–San Francisco air service. *Right*—Miss Paddy Naismith, who acted as attendant on one of the British Air Navigation Company's 'planes which carried racegoers to Aintree

PROVIDING A NEW MEANS OF BREAKING THE MONOTONY: An air hostess working on the Newark, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Washington air route, helping a passenger aboard an Eastern Air Transport 'plane. One of her duties is to organize games of bridge

JUST PART OF THE SERVICE: An American air hostess on one of the Eastern Air Transport Company's 'planes offering passengers the use of a "beauty outfit." The company evidently likes to see its patrons looking their best on arriving at their destination

THE DUCHESS OF BEDFORD, who recently piloted her own 'plane from Woburn Abbey, Bedfordshire, to the British Industries Fair grounds at Birmingham

MLLE MARYSE HILTZ and her mechanic, M. Prax, seen on their arrival at Tokyo airport at the conclusion of a flight from France to Japan

PROGRESS: The modern cabin machine has done away with the necessity for wearing special aerial clothing. The days of the overalled and be-goggled pilot are passing

PLAYS and FILMS

By PHILIP PAGE

STARS ON THE CONTINENT: *Above*—Jamila Novotna and Richard Tauber in *Giuditta*, the latest musical comedy by Franz Lehar, composer of *The Merry Widow*. The play began its run in Vienna in January before a distinguished first-night audience which included Sir Alfred Butt and Miss Evelyn Laye. *Right*—"SPAIN'S RUTH DRAPER": Elvira Morla whose "monodramas" are one of the most popular features on the Spanish stage. She is seen here with Senor Hernandez Cata, the Cuban Minister in Madrid

Now that we have just emerged from a period during which a new play was produced on every night of the week, with the usual intellectualities o' Sundays, people are asking themselves, since some of those plays have already died, whether there are not too many theatres, too many plays, too many actors and actresses, and too much theatrical activity generally.

It is said that there are not enough theatre-goers to go round. Apart from the question of the cinemas, which outnumber the theatres so vastly and are not patronized solely because they are cheap, this seems to me a fallacious argument. It is a case of looking at the question from the wrong end. The theatres create their public; the public does not create the theatres. Some eminent souls in the profession consider that there is a certain fixed portion of the community, never varying in numbers, which goes to the theatre; that if too many theatres have attractive fare, these patrons will spread themselves too thinly for the theatres to be run at a profit. In other words, the more successes, the worse the outlook. I imagine the ideal state of affairs for them is, say, two-thirds of London's theatres open, with half of them housing prosperous "winners" and the other half just managing to pay their way.

That, surely, is following too closely the analogy with trade of another sort. I agree that if one street had fifteen greengrocers' shops in it, most of them would go bankrupt in a few weeks. But the theatrical public cannot be regarded in the same way as the onion-buying public (except in as far as they overlap, which has nothing to do with my point). If a play is a good play they will go to see it. If there are twenty good plays running simultaneously they will go and see them, and go again and again, always able, in some mysterious fashion, to find money to spend on amusements. I am talking, of course, more particularly of London and not the provincial centres where economic pressure is more directly felt.

Thus a spate of new and attractive plays, so far from mopping up the playgoing public and exhausting its spending powers, will enlarge that public and enlarge at the same time the sum of money that finds its way from the community to the box offices. That is what I mean by saying that the theatres "create" their public. They will continue to do this if they display material on which it is worth while spending money. The plays that have failed within the last month or two have done so, not because there have not been sufficient people available to support them, but because they have not been worth supporting.

There can never, within, of course, the bounds of sanity, be too many theatres. London could support one hundred theatres in the fantastically improbable event of there always being an attractive entertainment in each one of them.

At the moment I write there are twenty-six theatres open in London, without counting Vic-Wells opera, the music-halls, and the "non-stops." I would estimate that eight of these are doing well, another twelve are just struggling along, and the remaining six dropping money heavily.

The films sometimes show an unfortunate influence on the theatre other than offering a formidable commercial opposition. They are inducing certain dramatists to borrow the film technique. *Grand Hotel* was, I believe, a fair success at the Adelphi; but I found it, with all its good points, scrappy and generally unsatisfactory entirely because it was built up of short, swiftly-flashed scenes, and told its story just as a film would.

The Mata Hari spy play *Danse Macabre*, at the "Q," has the same faults. That is a pity, for in many ways it is a much better play. Messrs. Percy Robinson and Frederick Peisley, the authors, have chosen a theatrically effective subject, have themselves a good sense of the theatre, and can write well. But they have not allowed the story to tell itself with any degree of continuity. Most of the many scenes into which it is chopped up are excellent; unfortunately, the moment one starts to become interested in them they disappear.

That destroys drama on the legitimate stage, and that is why, despite a display of eulogistic superlatives before, during, and after, a film drama never really grips to anything like the same extent.

In *Danse Macabre* we saw Mata Hari, in the person of Miss Marie Burke, in her native Holland, in Berlin, and Paris thirty years ago, in full swing as a spy, facing a court-martial, dancing in the condemned cell, and having a deuce of a time generally. But one admired only mildly. One was never drawn to the drama or regarded Mata Hari as a woman as to whose fate there need be really any concern. Although she lived and they did not, she proved a much less real figure than La Tosca or Lady Macbeth. But, then, Sardou and Shakespeare were pre-film.

Until the Stavisky films (with the chief figure thinly disguised, of course) are ready and the preparations, which I am told are afoot on an extensive scale, are complete, Hollywood has had to fall back on gangsters again. I do not dislike film gangsters, and when they are consciously terrifying I find them only slightly less funny than Mickey Mouse. It is only when they grow sentimental and slobber over little boys like Master Jackie Cooper that they are worse than tedious.

Blood Money at the New Gallery is a gangsterish production, slightly out of date in that it harks back to New York's speak-easy period. It is about a crook and his "pal" who parts because he falls in love with another girl who is a society beauty, a thief, and an enthusiast for the underworld all at the same time—a combination not considered abnormal on the other side of the Atlantic. Less scrupulous gangsters turn on this gangster-hero, who, for all his unfaithfulness, has sympathetic streaks in him, since he is played by Mr. George Bancroft. He is saved by his original girl-friend (Miss Judith Anderson) and spurns the society woman (Miss Frances Dee).

There would be more suspense if some of the terms were more likely to be understood by English audiences. A phosphorescent glossary should be slung, like a 'phone directory, by each seat in cinemas where films such as this are presented.

However, *Blood Money* is a much better film than one I saw at the Metropole dealing with a female crook; this was so foolish that I am thankful I have forgotten its name. But I do remember that the crook was played by Miss Constance Bennett, who is much too alluring to be thrown off a barge into a dirty river, and much too sophisticated and dignified to be hauled aboard again displaying great length of legs, shapely and kicking. Miss Bennett then set about picking pockets and pretending to be an authoress in order to make a rich publisher drunk and then rob *him*. I had an idea that she fell in love with, and eventually married, the bargee who manhandled her. My admiration for Miss Bennett both as an actress and as a radiant creature is profound; but I would sooner manhandle her than see her in the films in which she nowadays elects to appear.

The Tivoli, having had a successful time as the result of Mr. Jack Hulbert being funny with the British Navy, now shows the funny side of American journalism in a film entitled *Advice to the Lovelorn*. Mr. Lee Tracy is seen as a tough American reporter who runs a column of answers to correspondents who are in the pangs of unrequited devotion—cross-love puzzles, as it were. He is really very funny. The fun is rather spoiled, however, by an unnecessary death, that of Mr. Tracy's film-mother. But the ending is happy, the photography first-rate, and the acting good. Miss Sally Blane is the goo-goo-eyed film heroine to the life.

FASHIONS OF THE REGENCY: A scene from *Conversation Piece*, Noel Coward's successful romantic comedy at His Majesty's Theatre. Left to right—Heather Thatcher as Sophie Olford, Maidie Andrews as Rose (Melanie's maid), Moya Nugent as Martha James, Betty Shale as Mrs. Dragon, and Yvonne Printemps as Melanie

BISAMBERG RADIO STATION

An Unusual Tower and a Giant Transformer

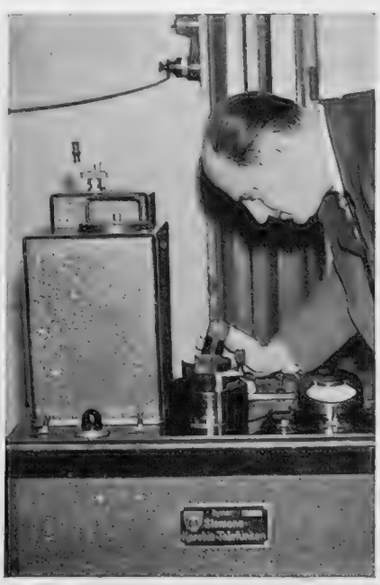
THE 490-FT. TOWER OF THE BISAMBERG RADIO STATION NEAR VIENNA: It is similar in construction to the gigantic 1,030-ft. vertical radiator of the Budapest Broadcasting Station, pictures of which were published in "The Sphere" of March 10. The structure is held in position by guy-ropes radiating from the centre of the steelwork

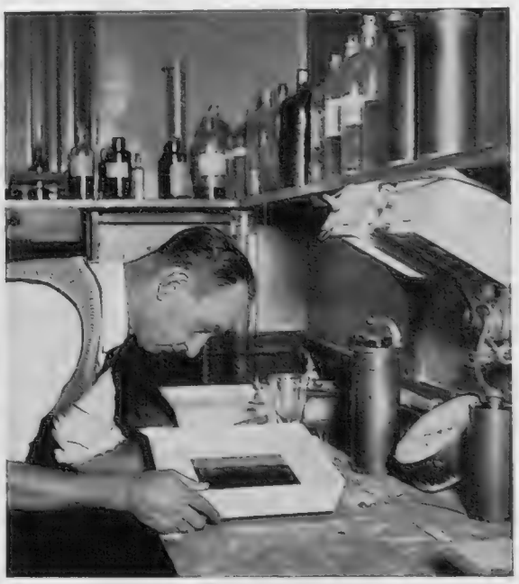
THE MERCURY TRANSFORMER AT THE BISAMBERG STATION which converts the generator current of 220-240 volts to a direct current of 13,000 volts

TELEGRAPHING PICTURES

THE TELEGRAPHIC TRANSMISSION OF PICTURES TO AND FROM THE CONTINENT has for some time past been possible, and to-day this work is a part of the everyday routine of the General Post Office. If events of international importance take place in any of the larger European capitals, pictures can be transmitted to London and can be reproduced in the newspapers within a few hours. Similarly, drawings, plans, and printed, typed, or written matter can be sent in this manner at an extraordinarily low cost. These two pictures show: *On left*—A General Post Office official receiving instructions from the transmitting end regarding the size of a picture which is about to be sent through to London. *On right*—Testing the lines on the power board before the reception of a picture

TRANSMITTING: An official of the G.P.O. placing the sound drum containing a picture into the transmitting apparatus. If pictures are above a certain size they have to be divided up





RECEIVING: *On left*—Watching a picture through a sight on the receiving apparatus. *On right*—Developing a picture after reception

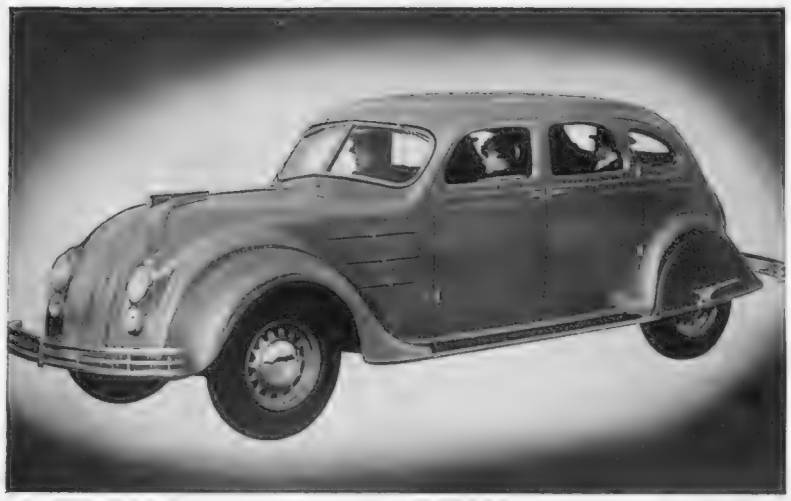
THE PETROL WORLD

By A. PERCY BRADLEY, M.I.A.E., A.M.I.Mech.E.

(Clerk of the Course, Brooklands, and "Sphere" Motoring Correspondent)

The arrival of the new streamlined Chrysler car is an event of considerable importance to the British motoring world. Streamlining motor cars is, of course, nothing new, for it has been done in racing right from the early days. We have also had saloon touring cars dealt with in the same way as was the case with the German Rumpler car, and more recently in this country with the Burney car. With these latter two examples the engine has been placed at the rear of the chassis, so that the Chrysler is really the first example of what one might term out-and-out streamlining as applied to an orthodox touring chassis with a saloon body. Judged by presentday standards it is, in my opinion, definitely ugly; but I should not be a bit surprised if in five years' time we should all look upon this advanced design as a thing of beauty.

I am convinced that our own manufacturers will copy this style, and it will not be the first time that Chryslers have set a fashion, for it will be remembered that not many years ago they introduced the ribbon-type radiator, and at the following Olympia Show several manufacturers had copied the idea. I rather fancy that streamlining will have a longer life than that of the ribbon-type radiator. We have dabbled with it in this country probably because our manufacturers felt it was bound to come, but as none of us liked abrupt changes the development has been given to us slowly and in small doses. For the past year or two the rear of a car has been tidied up, and then the Riley Motor Company and the makers of the Hillman car have given us an advanced design of streamlined tail. Now, of course, the progress will be far more rapid, and at the next Olympia there is no doubt that several manufacturers will outdo the Chrysler design.



SENSATIONAL STREAMLINING: The new Chrysler "Heston" Airflow Eight, which is modelled on the lines of an airship. Independent front wheel springing makes this car luxuriously comfortable at all speeds. A sliding-roof and all other necessaries for enjoyable motoring are included in the specification

There is no getting away from the fact that cars on the whole are vastly improved in general design, but every now and again I come across some small accessory or fitting in which there is room for much improvement. I hope that this does not indicate that the manufacturers concerned are resting on their laurels. My latest grouse is concentrated on window-lifts. The body on my car, even after 17,000 miles, is practically without a squeak or a rattle, but if I am not very careful I get the most irritating rattles from the various window-lifts. Even when new there appeared to be far too much slack in the winding mechanism and, of course, as the windows are used this slack becomes accentuated.

Writing of noises prompts me to mention that there is a great future for the scientist or the inventor who can produce a rubber that will not creak when it becomes dry. The coachbuilding department in many factories fondly imagines that when rubber is placed between two surfaces which might otherwise creak the joint will remain noiseless for the rest of its days. In practice this is not the case.

Of late I have been watching very carefully the driving of other people on the roads, and I have come to the conclusion that much of the trouble that far too frequently ends in accidents is due to bad judgment on the part of certain drivers. We have, of course, the flashy, irresponsible youth seated behind the wheel of a highly-coloured sports car, who undoubtedly causes many serious situations, due mostly to his desire to demonstrate to all and sundry how well he drives; but my observations show me that a far greater number of elderly drivers than one would have at first supposed are responsible for putting other people into awkward corners.

The other day I was not in a great hurry, and I followed one such driver for about 30 miles, and without exaggeration he caused ten or twelve other drivers to brake violently in order to prevent collisions. I have no doubt that he went serenely on his way not dreaming that he was anything but the most careful driver on that particular road at that particular time. His trouble was his complete inability to judge the speed of the car in front, the car approaching, and that of his own vehicle. Most times when he desired to overtake a car in front there was a car approaching, and the latter unfortunate driver had to pull up to prevent a smash.

The driver of the offending car was a man I should judge between fifty and sixty, was probably a very worthy citizen, and was endeavouring to do everything which would stamp him as a good driver. The problem is how to tackle people whose error of judgment is consistently noticeable to everyone except themselves. The only way I can see for such a person to be told of his misdeeds is through the Mobile Police. They could very easily follow cars in the same way as I did on this particular occasion and then could draw ahead and administer a warning to the offender.

The manufacturers and suppliers of paint are evidently in for a good time if our main roads are to be divided into traffic lanes, but I doubt if anyone but these individuals will benefit to any great extent. If traffic is to be divided into these lanes according to speed the difficulty will immediately crop up as to what is a slow-moving and fast-moving car. Who will fix the dividing limit, and when it is fixed is it not bound to be absurd? Surely, the result which it is desired to obtain could be produced without any paint at all and in a much more certain manner. I would make it an offence for any car to drive more than four feet away from the near-side kerb unless another vehicle was to be overtaken.

Whilst most mudguards, or wings as they are often called, fitted to vehicles serve their purpose to a great extent, there is still a good deal of room for improvement. The mud and slush thrown back on to following vehicles cause great inconvenience and can sometimes be of extreme danger. True, the majority of cars nowadays are fitted with windscreen wipers, but then these are only made to cope with moisture and, whilst they gallantly endeavour to remove muddy deposits as well, the results are often worse than would have been the case if the wipers were out of operation. Lorries are the worst offenders in this respect, so much so that the Automobile Association felt compelled to approach certain firms in an endeavour to find a way to abate this nuisance.

Designers at the present time devote most of their energy to the look of their product, and seem to forget the points which at first may appear of little import, but which can make motoring extremely unpleasant. What greater annoyance can there be than for a car-owner to spend all Sunday morning cleaning his or her car, then going out for a run in the afternoon, and before many miles have been covered to get it completely bespattered with mud? I think if our body builders spent a little more of their time on matters of this description they would not find their labour wasted, and would receive the heartfelt blessing of the majority of motorists, and pedestrians for that matter.

Reverting to that very useful accessory, the windscreen wiper. I am pleased to be able to report that a wiper has been introduced which will rid the windscreen not only of moisture but of mud deposits as well. I have not as yet tried one of them, but I am having one fitted to my new car and will comment on its performance later.

The war is being continued between the two leading British "baby" car manufacturers for the coveted speed records in that class. I refer to the Austin and M.G. Companies; the former an exponent of the side valve principle, and the latter an exponent of the overhead. Whilst, strictly speaking, they both cater for two different sections of the motoring community it will be interesting to note which principle will prove to be the faster. It has become an almost recognized fact that overhead valves give a car those extra few miles an hour, but really most astonishing speeds have been made by the side valve engine, and I for one would not like to predict what the result will be.

When one considers the almost infinitesimal engine size of these small cars, it is a matter of extreme surprise that such high speeds can be attained, especially when they are compared with their bigger brothers. These "baby" cars have easily made more progress during the past few years than any other class, and it is impossible to conjecture how far they will go. In fact, it is my belief that in time as knowledge extends engines will be reduced in size, until every car on the road will be driven by an engine even smaller in capacity than the present-day "baby" car.

SAFETY LANES: Men at work marking out three 10-ft. carriage-ways on the Great West Road near Slough where the increasing number of accidents has caused the authorities great anxiety. The centre lane is for fast overtaking traffic and the outer ones for slower-moving vehicles

THE MOTORISTS' FRIEND: Mr. H. T. Chapman (right) who is shortly retiring after completing twenty years' work under the Kent County Council. Altogether he has served forty-two years as Highways Surveyor under five councils. He is a pioneer in the method of whitening curbs and painting white lines

THE CAR EVERYONE IS TALKING ABOUT

The youthful sporting motorist, the careful family man, the modern miss, the exacting professional man and the hard-bitten motorist of long experience—they're all talking about the Vauxhall Light Six. This question needs an answer—how is it that *one* car should interest so *many* people?

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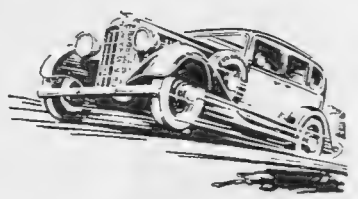
A luxurious four-seater saloon with space for a fifth if need be. Deep form-fitting seats with real leather upholstery. Leg room to suit a "six-footer," with lots of head and elbow room.



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Exhilarating acceleration that is remarkably smooth and quiet. From walking pace to 50 m.p.h. in just over 20 seconds. Fine turn of speed, the 14 h.p. model 65–70 m.p.h., the 12 h.p. model 60–65 m.p.h. 25 to 30 miles per gallon.

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Vauxhall's new boon to motoring comfort gives fresh air without draughts. As much fresh air as you want without draughts to other passengers. No more stuffiness and tobacco fumes.

EASY GEAR CHANGE

You can make a faultless gear change every time with Vauxhall Super Synchro-Mesh. No double-declutching — no feeling for gears—nothing new to learn, just some of the old, tedious things to forget. 4 speed gearbox. Silent third.

Stratford-on-Avon

BUT

SHELL on the Road

YOU CAN BE SURE OF SHELL

TRANSPORT IN THE FAR NORTH: The aeroplane provides the only really rapid link between civilization and the North-West Territories

AVIATION IN CANADA

Where a Two Months' Journey has become a Two Days' Trip

As unemployment relief works the Canadian Government is building airports to bridge the hitherto far-flung gaps round the northern shores of the Great Lakes and through the Rockies. Within a few years a transcontinental airway will extend from Saint John and Halifax on the Atlantic to Vancouver and Victoria on the Pacific.

The Dominion has been negotiating with Imperial Airways for the spanning of the Atlantic, believing the logical hop to be from the British Isles to Newfoundland. In the meantime mail is taken off the fast steamers at the mouth of the St. Lawrence, and flown up the great inland waterway to Montreal.

While the great trans-Atlantic and trans-Canadian trunk airway is in process of development, feeder lines are already running northward into the rich and vast areas of Upper Canada. Passengers and mail have been carried for some years but now the airways have developed to the stage when baled hay and cement are paying loads, and where a complete diamond drill weighing half-a-ton can be carried into the remote mining areas in half a day.

In Western Canada 'planes fly down the Mackenzie River into the Arctic itself, just as they do from London to Paris. A two months' journey has become a two days' trip. Even the fierce Arctic storms cannot hold them back. The machines fly when the thermometer records 40 below zero or even 60. They fly when there are twenty hours of daylight to fly in, or even twenty-four, for they keep the skies in the land of the midnight sun by the light of half-a-dozen mock suns.

In the rush of traffic the 'planes sometimes swerve off on a mercy flight. Canadian Airways, Canada's parallel to Imperial Airways, have carried out eighty-five mercy flights within the twelvemonth. Up in the Arctic word comes of a trapper who has shot himself, or an Indian woman sick to death. The outlying stations of the Canadian Corps of Signals flash out a message and a 'plane takes off for an 800-mile mission of mercy. As this is written a woman lies recuperating in a western hospital, having been brought down from the far north for a serious operation, without which she would have died.

At Great Bear Lake in the sub-Arctic, where the new radium mines are in operation, one of the miners was taken seriously ill. A 'plane brought him 1,005 miles to Edmonton where an operation was performed and his life saved.

The trapper who used to trudge with his dog teams for weeks to his trap lines now has his team, equipment, and supplies freighted in by 'plane in half a day. His catch is brought out by 'plane. The Hudson's Bay Company shipped out 3,000 fox furs in one shipment. The radium mines send out the valuable ore or get in new machinery by 'plane.

In eleven flying days 75·217 lb. of gold ore were transported in from Werner Lake mines, and in seventeen flying days 71 tons of cobaltite ore were brought out to the railway by one 'plane.

All 'planes flying into the barren lands and the North-West Territories carry a pilot and air engineer, and in the more remote Arctic an Eskimo. The equipment includes (in addition to the pay load) emergency rations (74 lb.), one tarpaulin, eiderdown and rifle, tent, stovepipe, two gallons kerosene, one snow knife, first-aid kit, three wing lines, one axe, one shovel, one jack, two pairs snow-shoes, two firepots (for heating engine), two gallons spare oil, two fire extinguishers, one engine tool kit, engine spares, one engine cylinder complete, a total of 404 lb.

The average 'plane used grosses 6,600 lb. loaded and has a speed of 100 m.p.h. The large freighters are 15,800 lb. gross with the same speed.

Under the best operating conditions the pay load is 39 per cent. of the gross and under bad conditions 21 per cent., while the ratios are 44.5 and 33 per cent. with the big freighters.

One curious development of the air transport in relation to the tapping of the vast mineral resources of Canada's hinterland is the redesigning of mining and milling machinery to facilitate loading into the big freight 'planes.

Thomas Wayling

THE AEROPLANE PLAYS ITS PART IN THE DEVELOPMENT OF CANADA: *Left*—Trappers loading their dogs on to a Canadian Airways 'plane. *Right*—Bales of hay being unloaded at a lonely farm on the prairies

Is it after all so unreasonable that you are to some extent judged by your clothes? To dress carelessly, unsuitably, inadequately—this is one of the incompetences of life. In a hurried world judgments from first impressions, from appearances, are inevitable—as inevitable as the advantages of the New Tailoring—which allows you to choose clothes instead of cloth—to try suits on instead of trying to imagine how a pattern will make up. ● *We make some lounge suits costing more than six guineas and some costing less.*

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Exclusive Design. British Made.

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HAMPTONS' "LYNTON" PRINTED LINEN

British Made.

In Chintz colours on a Tussore ground, as illustrated, is a new production for the Spring 1934. Reproduced from an old embroidery. K.7532. 50 ins. wide.

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HOME MANAGEMENT SECTION

Giving Practical Aid Monthly in Home and Furnishing Problems

Colour in the Home

The supreme art of interior decoration from the home-lover's point of view, lies not in creating a décor that will command attention through revolutionary ideas and striking combinations of colour, but in the building up of a room that has an atmosphere of quietness and charm, since nearly everybody needs a retreat from the rush of modern life.

You have probably always believed that blue is a cold colour, and that the only time it can be used is in a room with a southern aspect. That is certainly true of some blues (though even then the colours used with them can absolutely negative any such suggestion), but not of the exquisite new tones that lead the way in spring fabrics and wallpapers. All the translucent colours of a rain-washed sky have provided a source of inspiration for the artist and the manufacturer, who have reproduced those clear, living tones that appear when the rain has ceased and the sun begins to shine again.

✣

These provide the motif of the newest Asterisk wallpapers, which are printed in oil colours so that they can be washed freely with soap and water. A very lovely one, with twinkling silver stars, is shown in the centre of this page.

A PASTEL SETTING: Flesh pink walls, chairs of palest beige enamelled leather with rainy-blue cushions, sycamore furniture, and pleated muslin lamp-shades with insets of silver and yellow silk in a modern décor by Fortnum and Mason. The windows are veiled with fine blue silk voile

COPPER SAILS AGAINST BLUE SKIES: Beautifully modelled copper sailing boats against a washable blue wallpaper on which gleam silver stars. The settee is upholstered in blue satin-weave linen, and the cushions are in beige and white

Others are patterned with moons or scattered leaves and wavy water-lines in two tones, or with widely-spaced fern leaves and single cherries, the latter providing a sharp note of contrast. Narrow three-toned stripes are much less tranquil but very amusing, while checks appear in endless variety.

✣

Among furnishing fabrics wools continue to be important, but it is to linens that the designers have devoted most of their attention. Here, again, lovely blues predominate, with English polka dot designs leading among the patterns. Some have large spots the size of a florin in coral on a natural ground, while others have shilling-sized spots in white on beige. The feeling for elaborate weaves and two-toned effects has in no way abated, and since these are essentially practical as well as being an extraordinarily safe background, this is a source of satisfaction. Variegated or diagonal stripes are favourites, usually in beige and natural or beige and brown, with black and white, or black, primrose, and white as runners-up. One of the things that modern designers are definitely bearing in mind is the fact that women to-day ask for beauty—but they demand that it shall be practical, reasonable in price, and easy to preserve. They may love pastel colours—but they will have nothing to do with them unless they can be kept fresh without constant renewals. And so in a luxuriously lovely room which has just been finished the walls are of flesh pink (a perfect background for any woman, but the paper is really washable); the furniture is upholstered in pale beige enamelled leather (this gives it a soft, egg-shell finish and makes it spongeable), the cushions are of palest rainy-blue piped with white and mulberry; and the curtains are of pure silk, the windows being veiled with fine blue voile.

WHITE AND GOLD FOR A BOUDOIR: White linen damask, with a rather high glaze, is used for the settee and chair in this room, designed by Fortnum and Mason. The cushions and rug are beige and yellow, the walls are of panelled sycamore, and the cupboard is of white leather

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Pleated muslin lamp-shades covered with heavy cellophane and trimmed with bands of silver and pale yellow silk completed a scheme that was enviably restful and quite free from the insipidity that often mars pastel groupings. Not one strong note of colour was introduced—and this is characteristic of the new trend, which relies on line for character, and wood for variety, using colour to create atmosphere and not to shock the senses or to over-stimulate the nerves.

O. C. S.

SPRINGTIME Refurnish

Solving the Problems of a Small Town House

During the last few years, with the advent of small houses and flats, the small room and how to decorate and furnish it has become one of the principal problems of the interior architect.

One of the first questions to arise is the treatment of the entrance hall. Almost inevitably it will be small and probably very narrow, but there is no need for this to appear so—an illusion of space can be created by painting or distempering the walls and ceiling the same colour. Dark colours should be avoided for this purpose, and a good shade to use would be either beige or light yellow—or green.

If you are painting your hall, it is important that the paint should be varnished afterwards, as a dull matt surface tends to darken a small space.

The floor should be left bare and stained, or if it has parquet flooring, a brown modern rug or plain carpet would be the most practical floor-covering as it will not show too much dirt.

Now we come to the living-room. As this is used more than any other in the small house to-day, it is imperative that advantage should be taken of all the available space. One of the easiest methods of doing this is to use built-in furniture. This need not be expensive as ordinary three-ply wood can be used for this purpose and then painted.

DESIGN FOR A LIVING-ROOM: The use of built-in furniture makes this small living-room seem quite spacious. The walls are green, and all the woodwork is painted a sober gunmetal brown

For those who do not care for built-in furniture—it has the disadvantage of being a permanent fixture in a room—there is the new unit furniture. This can now be bought from all the leading furniture stores, and is so made that it can be changed around to fit any sized room or awkward corner.

An interesting example is a settee in three pieces; two of the pieces are made like corner seats and can be used as such separately, whilst the centre piece, which is made square, can be used as a low stool. When pushed together these three units make a comfortable large settee (like any other), but they can be broken up at will and can be arranged in eleven different ways.

O

Colour can create an illusion of space, but only certain colours possess this quality. Remember that cool and restful colours such as blue and green create a better illusion of space than strong shades such as red. Small rooms distempered in a light colour can be made even more light-attracting by covering the walls and ceiling with a coat of varnish. This will preserve the distemper and also make it look like good paint-work. Now we come to the dining-room in which as little furniture as possible should be used.

In the decorating of my own dining-room, which is typical of any such room found in the average small house, I have made it appear larger by papering the walls in squares of the Japanese wood-paper that looks like sycamore panelling and costs only eightpence a piece. This paper gives a beige tone to the room, so I have carried this on by painting all the woodwork beige-pink, and by having the curtains made in the same saffron-pink silk as the chair-covers. To complete the scheme the dining-table is made of natural mahogany highly polished, thus giving it a pleasant flesh-pink colour.

I am all in favour of indirect lighting in a dining-room, whether it be a period or modern room, as I find that such lighting arrangements are softer and far more becoming. To-day, indirect methods of lighting cost no more than direct lighting.

Finally, when you are decorating or refurnishing a small bedroom, avoid overcrowding. Built-in furniture lends itself especially to the furnishing of a bedroom as frequently an odd corner or awkward wall can be converted into a dressing-table or wardrobe by this means. Built-in furniture can be used with antique furniture quite harmoniously as long as it is painted the same colour as the walls of the room. That modern decoration styles blend perfectly with old has been proved in many recent interiors by various well-known architects and decorators.

Derek Patmore

THE REVIVAL OF QUILTING: An exquisitely quilted bedspread with matching curtains accords perfectly with the decoration of this modern bedroom and with the atmosphere of the old house of which it forms a part

ANCIENT AND MODERN: A modern cretonne which would look well in almost any surroundings. Made by Horrockses, it has red and white stars on a light blue ground

OVERLOOKING THE SEA: An admirably proportioned c with whitewashed walls. This is the back of the house, and a glimp the on the right. The garden, with its open spaces, lets ray

ng

A Week-End Cottage Near the Sea

FIRESIDE COMFORT: Faded chintz chair-covers and a witch ball contribute to the charm of this living-room in a very old house in Kent. Most wisely, no attempt has been made to change its character, and the electric table-lamp is quite inconspicuous

A PERFECT RETREAT: The carefully studied modernization of this cottage has in no way detracted from its atmosphere of peaceful seclusion

REALLY OLD: The colourful confusion of this country garden leaves no doubt as to the age of this old farm at Shillingford

BOOKS AND WIRELESS: A room where bookcases fill most of the wall space, and wireless brings world tidings

SINCERE FLATTERY: Old materials are used for this welcoming fireplace in a small newly built cottage

with a closely thatched roof and the sea may be seen over the hedge ray of sunshine into the rooms

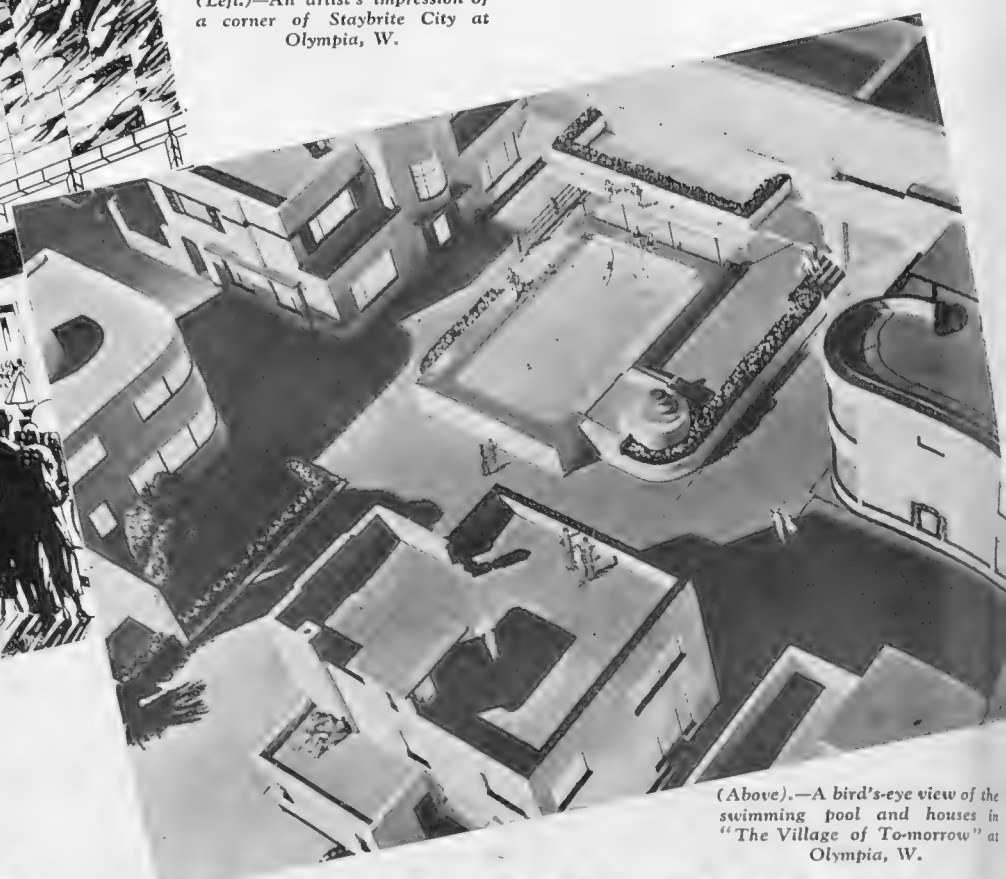
The advent of the small car which can be run very cheaply has effected great changes in the lives of the majority of people. More and more they are realizing the advantages of a flat or a small house in town, and a cottage by the sea or in the country within a radius of twenty miles of the coast.

Whether or not one chooses a really old house depends mainly upon one's inclinations. Some can be converted at comparatively low cost. Others may prove expensive. In any case it is always wise to obtain expert advice before buying, for where houses are concerned appearances can be amazingly deceptive.

The old, unobtrusively modernized so that comfort and charm go hand in hand; the new, toned down by the use of bricks and woodwork that have resisted the wear of centuries; and the frankly modern, with windows to trap every atom of sunlight and rooms that reduce work to an absolute minimum—all have their own characteristic appeal.

NEARLY OLD: Not really old, but nearly so, this attractive house at Wraysbury is built from old materials. In a setting where modernity would be out of place it effects an excellent compromise combining all the comfort of the new with the charm of an era that is passed

(Left.)—An artist's impression of a corner of Staybrite City at Olympia, W.



(Above).—A bird's-eye view of the swimming pool and houses in "The Village of To-morrow" at Olympia, W.

The Key to your Ideal Home is at Olympia!

A modest admission fee at Olympia to-day unlocks a new world of wonder and delight for home-lovers. In the long series of successful Ideal Home Exhibitions there have been many notable displays; but never before an exhibition so wide in scope and so revolutionary in presentation.

In the Grand Hall, "Staybrite City" heralds a new age of steel with a spectacle in which the metal of endurance has been made to yield up magic beauty.

In the National Hall, "The Village of To-morrow" flings the traditions of domestic architecture aside to embrace modernity. Here is a group of beautiful homes which owe nothing to a freakish mode, but everything to clean design and sensible planning.

In the Empire Hall and elsewhere throughout the Exhibition, covering 12 acres of floor space, 600 features and displays capture the eye and intrigue the mind in a colourful cavalcade of the progress of home in all its aspects.

Come to Olympia and see for yourself.

STAYBRITE CITY
•
VILLAGE OF TO-MORROW
•
GARDENS OF HISTORY AND ROMANCE
•
HEATH ROBINSON'S IDEAL HOME
•
PAGEANT OF FASHION
•
"NEW ROOMS FOR OLD"
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THE HALL OF MAGIC
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OLYMPIA London, W.

WALLS AND FLOORS

Some Suggestions for Reconditioning Old Surfaces

OLD GOLD PANELS: Walls that are beginning to crumble can be effectively covered with heavy gold-embossed paper. The slender panels in this studio-drawing-room prevent that suggestion of heaviness which might mar such a scheme

To get the most fun out of the possession of a house one must study its character with as much care as that of a human being.

Too much detachment is useless lest the house's inherent qualities should escape us; on the other hand, too much familiarity in the way of pulling down and building up again as though one possessed it body and soul, is still greater folly for which any self-respecting house will be avenged by posing as a formless muddle of negative charms. In fact, a lot of tact is required to discover how well-bred a house is, what individuality it may have, and how its character can be enhanced rather than pounded into another shape.

Older houses—so often the aristocrats of architecture—are perhaps more open to abuse by reconstruction than their offspring, not so aristocratic. The depredations of time and modern conceptions of comfort lead inevitably to structural changes, and if in making these improvements we give too little thought to the traditions of the house, we sacrifice its pedigree along with its temperament.

O O

Among structural improvements which claim attention in the older house, the reconditioning of walls and floors is perhaps the most insistent, and since an entirely new character can be given to a room, or an old one completely wrested away by changes of this kind, it is as well for the house-owner to be informed of the methods available, so that the reconditioning of crumbling walls and undulating floors can be effected in the manner which suits them best.

Wood panelling is the first method that comes to mind for walls that are gone beyond the stage when ordinary paper and paint can be used. Wood has the advantages of great natural beauty and, as few beautiful things have, practical qualities as well. More important still, the recent discovery of plywood and all its endless uses, to say nothing of wood substitutes, has done away with the high cost which we associate with solid wood panelling.

It is, in fact, a comparatively modest undertaking to face old walls with plywood which, in its turn, has a thin veneer of the chosen wood imposed upon it. Choice becomes immensely varied if this method is adopted, and one may enjoy the pleasant bewilderment of deciding between Lagos mahogany—a rich, reddish-coloured wood with delicate feather-like grain; Honduras mahogany—lighter in colour and more pronounced in effect; Tasmanian silky oak, and others equally fine.

Plywood alone is often used for panelling and can be waxed, polished, stained, or painted with the most charming effect and at a most satisfying cost.

It is a pity to pass from the subject of wood linings for walls without a word for some of the wood substitutes which are now very much used for covering. Among the best of these is an asbestos composition which the unpractised eye finds it impossible to distinguish from oak, and which has many sterling qualities in its favour. It is, as one expects, less costly than the real thing, almost identical in effect, damp-proof, fire-proof, and cheerfully free from the possibility of warping and shrinkage.

Lincrusta, the Victorian favourite, is with us again in a more modern form and adapts itself well to the purpose of covering porous surfaces. Very thick wallpaper—Salubra, for instance—is another suitable medium. This paper is of a substantial quality upon which fine oil colours have been applied. It is washable and spots and stains can be easily removed.

Canvas, too, can be used with good effect by panelling out with wood moulding and is an expedient which, like the others, has the great advantage of wearing almost indefinitely.

Kitchens and bathrooms that require renovation have the choice again of plywood faced, for very modern effect, with thin sheets of metal or with Bakelite, which has a coloured and highly-glossed surface, very durable and easily cleaned. Tiles offer a very great variety of effects because of the wide range of types, colour, and shapes available, and another popular medium is reconstructed marble. This, in effect, *is* marble, though actually it is a substitute made by mixing fragments of marble with cement. The difference in the prices of the genuine and the substitute are considerable.

WOOD OR PAINT: It is by no means easy to tell when genuine wood is used and when one of its many substitutes has been requisitioned. This living-room in a modern flat has painted walls grained to represent cedar-wood

EBONY AND STONE: An unusual hall treatment in which the walls are faced with imitation stone and the floor is paved with squares of macassar ebony

A fibre or asbestos lining for the crumbling wall of a kitchen or bathroom is a thoroughly practical choice. Neither crack, and both wear well in a room with fluctuating temperatures. They can be finished with an oil-bound distemper (which, as opposed to water paint, is *really* washable), or a full oil paint which is still better. The finish can be matt or glossy as required.

O O

To the problem of renovating old floors there are almost as many and equally effective solutions. In some cases old floorboards can be smoothed over by machine or covered with new, thin boards of parquet or the ever-friendly plywood. Plywood oak is sometimes used in squares, giving the effect of wood tiles; then there is sheet rubber, coloured and polished, which can be cemented to the old floor-boards.

When the condition of the floorboards is not too crumbling, and there is no threat of dry-rot, it is often sufficient to use a sound-proof, damp-proof, bitumen underlay on to which an inlaid linoleum can be cemented down.

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SECOND FLOOR

This exhibition is planned to reveal the consistent flowing pattern of a house equipped in the spirit of design to-day; achieving comfort and efficiency, plus an ordered beauty. It is arranged in progressive sequence, from the inner shell of the house, through every stage of its equipment to the final life-giving touch of pictures and sculpture. First, Flooring and Wall-coverings—the background. Next, Lighting, Heating and the apparatus of modern living. And then Chairs and Tables, from the simplest to the most luxurious. Then Fabrics and Rugs, followed by Furniture, China and Glass, and Decoration. Finally, all sections are seen in their proper place and relationship in the Week-end House.

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Salads in shells which can be easily held are a good idea when snack meals are served diagonally. The soup cups are of green glass and are impervious to heat

SNACKS BEFORE THE THEATRE

"The parties of tailcocks prolonged themselves," said a French guest in apologizing for being late for dinner. We all know that habit of cocktail parties. They have made the theatre-dinner almost impossible, and a kind of snack meal before the play is more and more in vogue, with supper to follow.

The snack party involves no seating at the table, everyone helping himself. Therefore there mustn't be any sauce to slop over, or liquid creams. Everything can be put on the table at once, but the following menu can be served in three layers, as it were, so that behind the haze of cigarette smoke there shall still linger a lingering memory of that sequence of tastes which was once held dear by a generation that understood food.

Cold Jellied Wine Soup in crystal cups
Pimento Pyramids. Salt Salads Petit Riche
Mayonnaise of White Meat
Nut Jellies

Jellied Wine Soup.—This is an iced Americanized version of the hot semi-sweet soups of Middle Europe. Some people hate it, others want it in mixing-bowls.

Soak well 2 oz. seed tapioca in cold water. When it has fully swelled, drain it, and pour over it 1½ pints boiling water, flavoured (see below). Boil it fast for three minutes, then let it go as slowly as an elder statesman's speech, till the tapioca is transparent. When it is half-cool, add 1 pint wine (see below) and 2 oz. castor sugar dissolved in some of the soup. Pour it into glass cups to set. Serve it ice-cold.

Red Version.—Claret or Burgundy. Flavouring in the water: a little nutmeg, a dash of grated orange-peel browned in the oven.

White Version.—Hock. Flavouring: grape-juice or passion-fruit juice (very little).

-|-

Pimento Pyramids.—These speak for themselves. *If* your cook can make toast that will bear its burden till wanted, without self-pity and sagging, it's worth all but the best of the hors-d'œuvre biscuits.

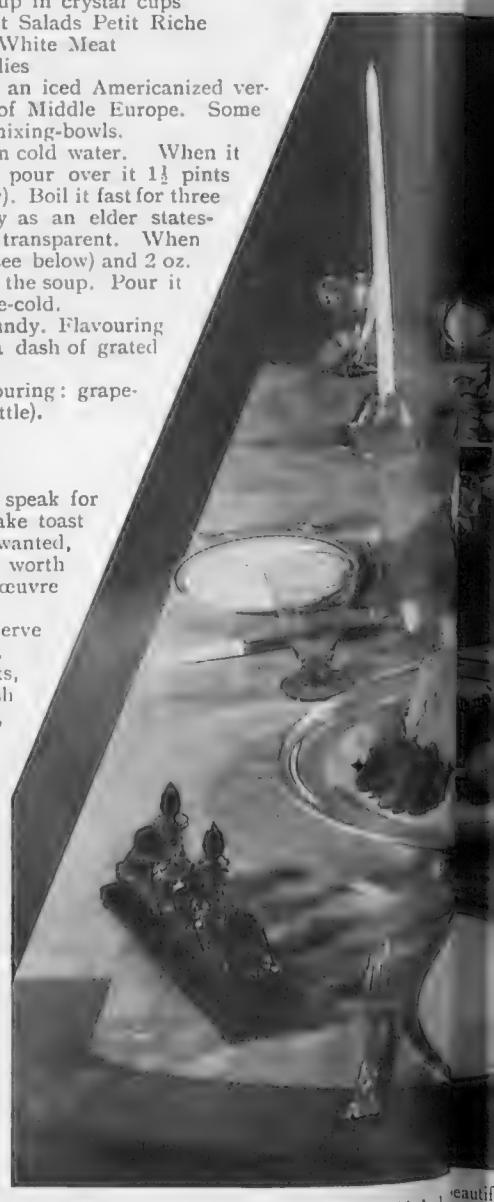
Salt Salads Petit Riche.—Serve portions of these on lettuce leaves.

Chop cooked beetroot, carrots, potatoes, hard-boiled eggs, fresh tomatoes, lettuce, celery if possible, and cooked or well-washed tinned peas. To these add chopped fillets of pickled herring. Now mix them till your arms nearly drop off, putting in a grain of pepper and salt and all your pet what-nots.

Proportions according to taste. Naturally, the herring ought to sing the tenor part. Dressing, oil and vinegar or mayonnaise.

White Meat Mayonnaise.—The bromide of the menu. So many people can't digest a meal without bromide. Serve it in shells.

Nut Jellies.—Crush mixed nuts till they are something between fine gravel and coarse sand. Set a layer of jelly, then one of nut, and then a little lemon-flavoured cream. Pour tepid jelly on this; when set, repeat till the glasses are full.



A reversible bowl in a translucent green crackled glass forms the centrepiece of this supper table. The flowers are yellow. All these

able, arranged by courtesy of Harrods, has panels of black and green ovaltint glass set he Carlton ware coffee service is of cream and green lined with gold

A MIDNIGHT SUPPER PARTY

One of the certainties about a theatre-supper is that people won't be so hungry as they thought they would be. Especially if it has been a good play. Boredom is the mother of appetite, but interest is the enemy of hunger.

Cold Theatre Supper
Shrimp Kedgeree
Devilled Crab
Baked Lamb. Mixed Salad
Chestnut Whip

Cold Shrimp Kedgeree.—You dribble the rice into boiling salted water, and boil it fast for twelve minutes—5 oz. to 2 quarts of water. Then you simmer it till it will absorb no more water. Pour away the surplus, if any. Mix in ½ pint of fresh shrimps, cut in half if English, chopped in four if canned. Then 3 tablespoonfuls of cream—thick, fresh, innocent of any preservative. A little chopped fresh pimento is an improvement. Serve it very cold. It should look like cream rather than rice.

Cold Devilled Crab.—Make a white sauce flavoured with sherry, and seasoned with paprika. When it is cool, stir in chopped crab-meat, mushrooms, a little parsley and tomato juice, and a beaten egg to each pound. Fill buttered oven-proof glass dishes with this thick creamy mixture, and give them fifteen minutes in a cool oven—just long enough to set. When cool, lay a slice of tomato over each, a few sprigs of cress, and a sprinkle of paprika.

Baked Lamb.—Make a smooth paste of finely chopped marjoram, thyme, sage, mace, chives, parsley (very little), mint (rather more), and a little onion, with the finely grated rind of an orange and a lemon. Flavour it with coarse salt, black pepper, and a little powdered spice—clove, nutmeg, cinnamon, or mixed. Bind all this together with beaten egg in which, with a spoonful of wine vinegar, a couple of bay leaves have been lying for two hours. Cover the meat entirely with this paste.

✢

Envelop the whole thing, leaving not a chink, with a paste of flour and water, not less than ½-in. thick, or with wide strips of rind of bacon or ham. Cook it in a quick oven, let it cool very slowly, and only when it is quite cold remove the paste. If there is any extra herb mixture, serve it with oil and vinegar as a dressing for salad.

Mixed Salad.—Boil young carrots and turnips together, with an onion and a parsnip. When cold, drain them very dry, cut them in dice, and serve with dressing as above, or with mayonnaise. It is surprising how welcome such a very simple affair is, as a change from the usual salads. Serve it very cold, but not iced.

Chestnut Whip.—Chopped marrons glacés, flavoured with sherry or rum, and ice-cream, in layers; whipped cream on top, with a very slight powdering of chocolate.

eautifully modelled anemones in Crown Staffordshire china, lass goblets are engraved in green and the tall candles ome from Harrods

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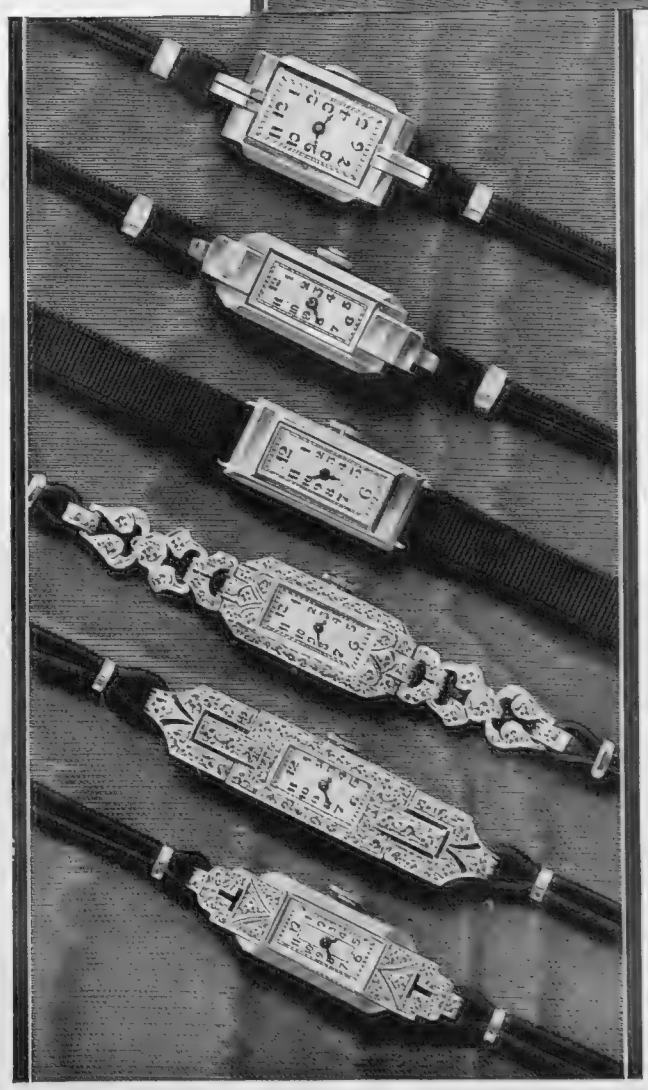

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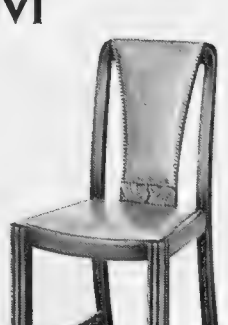

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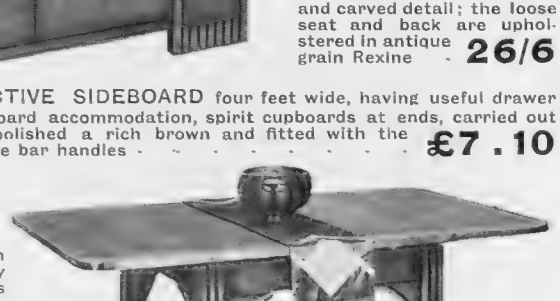

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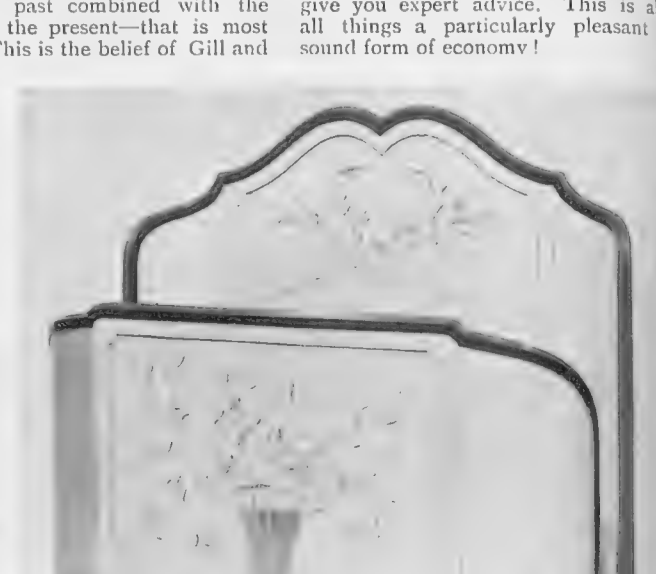
NEWS FOR THE HOUSEPROUD

A Practical Survey of the Latest Developments in the Management and Adornment of the Home

In every age there appear one or two people whose ideas are so revolutionary and so sharply defined that they seem to defy all standards of comparison. But generally it is the gradual evolution of ideas—the acceptance of the highest ideals of the past combined with the viewpoint of the present—that is most satisfying. This is the belief of Gill and Reigate, in whose showrooms at 25 and 26, George Street, Hanover Square, W., there is an extraordinarily interesting collection of antiques and of what may perhaps best be described as modern interpretations of the works of masters whose influence will never fade. Anybody who is undertaking the refurnishing of an old and gracious house will find inspiration in these graceful pieces which exploit newly accepted mediums that were unknown in the days when Sheraton and Heppelwhite created their masterpieces.



A very beautiful bedstead in silver and black, with exquisitely carved panels. Modern in treatment, it shows the restraining influence of traditional ornament.

It is always disconcerting when the first bright spring sunshine comes to find how shabby our rooms have grown. Chairs cry aloud for new covers, cushions beg to be replaced, windows demand fresh curtains with an insistence that cannot be denied.

When once you have made up your mind about your main colour schemes, hurry to Hamptons of Pall Mall, where there is a really marvellous selection of furnishing fabrics of every type in bewildering variety of designs. And if you find it difficult to decide exactly what you want to do with your rooms, go just the same and they will be delighted to give you expert advice. This is above all things a particularly pleasant and sound form of economy!

An exhibition which sets out simply the very newest furniture, glass, china and fabrics, that shows the latest designs for lighting and heating, that starts, in fact, with the bare walls and ends with a house that is perfectly equipped in every detail, is surely one that will appeal to every woman. This is what one finds in the Exhibition of Modern Living at Whiteleys which has been planned for the modern woman who appreciates comfort and efficiency and ordered beauty in her home.

The influence of Sheraton is present in this dressing-table in silver, black, and Coromandel ebony. Like the bedstead, it has a carved panel, and comes from Gill and Reigate

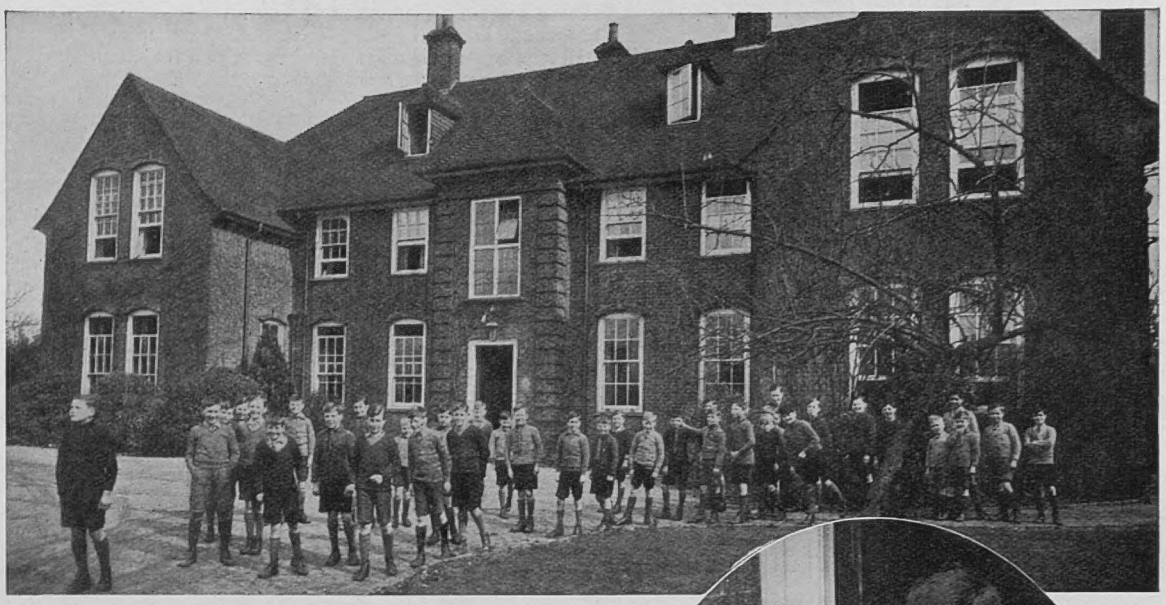
MAKING the MOST of OUR BOYS

By COMYNS BEAUMONT

Don't think these are pictures of boys at some expensive preparatory school going on to Eton or Harrow. They are a diversified selection of poor lads from about seven to eighteen years of age who began life as little waifs and strays.

They look happy and well cared for, do not they? I have visited recently a number of these homes for waifs and strays, for boys and girls, and have seen the raw material being welded into the finished product to which might be given the trade mark "Useful." In this particular article I am concerned with boys, but it should be said that there are over 100 of such homes up and down the country for both boys and girls, with six others for crippled children, and with over 4,500 children in all for whom the Waifs and Strays Society are responsible. It is a big responsibility, but the success of their work is unmistakable. Boys and girls are not only given the necessary elementary school education, but are taught a trade or found an occupation, which does not lead up a blind alley. Nor is this all. The children are brought up to be self-dependent, and what is a feather in the cap of this gigantic undertaking, they bear none of the taint of the child of charity. Respectful, yes; fully recognizing what they owe to the Homes, yes. But servile and downcast, not at all. They are all happy children.

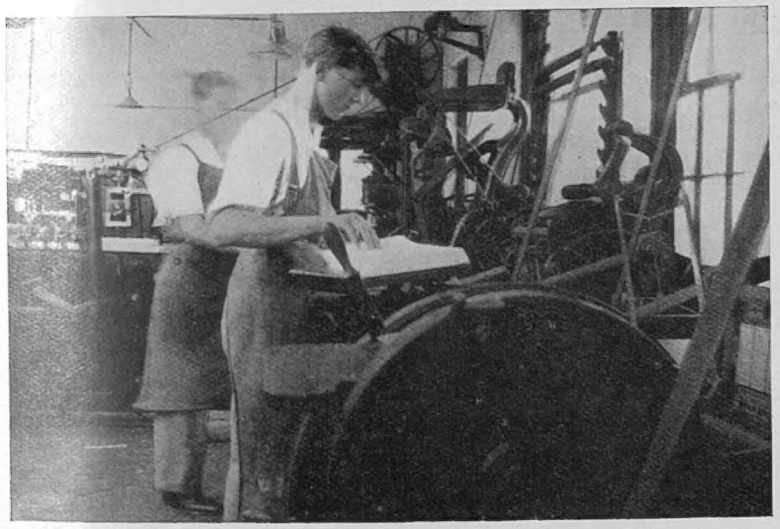
Alas! Mostly these children's advent is heralded by pathos or tragedy. The little "unwanteds," the smash-up of an utterly destitute family, or the sudden death of the bread-winner. A recent case which came to my knowledge was of two little mites, whose mother had died a year or two before, and the father, who did his best for them, was among the unemployed without even the dole. Emaciated, starving himself, he was taken to hospital, but he had sacrificed himself for the children, who are now in the care of the Homes. That is the sort of raw material on which the Society works.



"THE RAW MATERIAL": The boys at St. Albans Home, Knebworth, one of the Waifs and Strays Society's many homes, going off to school

CARPENTERING: At Standon, Staffs., where bigger boys are taught carpentering, farming, and gardening

THE PET OF THE HOME: The boys at Knebworth nursing the Master's baby boy. These boys are later taught a trade

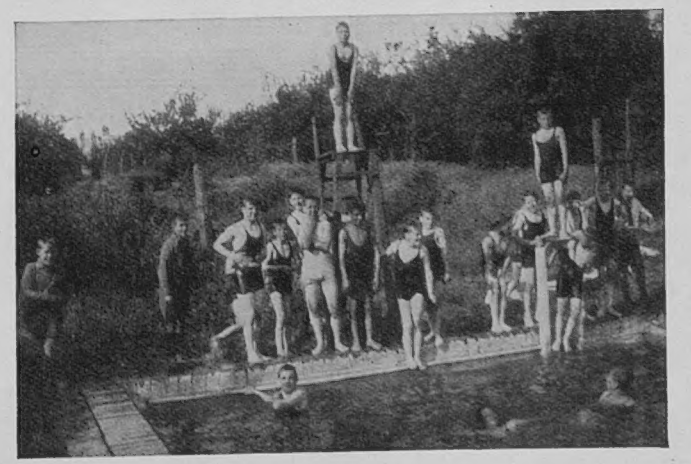


THE FINISHED ARTICLE: Boys at the Society's Home at Frome, Somerset, apprenticed to the printing trade, at work machining. They are given a thorough training as printers

AT FROME, SOMERSET: Young printers at work in the composing department. They pass on into printing works

The first picture here is taken at St. Alban's Home, Knebworth, on the Great North Road. These little healthy chaps are well fed, warmly clad, and are happy in the care of the Master and his wife, the Matron, whose baby one is nursing. They are all Cubs or Boy Scouts, and eventually some will go into domestic service as page boys or jobs which will give them an opening, and some will pass on to other Homes to learn trades. All these children go into camp in the summer.

Another picture takes them farther along the road. Here, at Standon, Staffordshire, youths are being trained in carpentry. Two others show bigger boys learning to be printers at Frome, Somerset. Others are taught farming and are put permanently on the land, where they have every chance to-day, and besides these, others again are taught tailoring and shoe-making. Every effort is made to avoid the dead end in employment, the job which finishes up a blind alley.



PLAY TIME: A swim in their own pool. All the boys learn to swim and most of them become boy scouts

The last picture shows some of these boys at their swimming pool at Standon. You can see in all these pictures that they are getting the best out of life, and that the Homes are not only so in name but endeavour to be so in fact.

Any reader of THE SPHERE is welcome at any time to inspect any of these Homes. The Secretary of the Waifs and Strays Society at the Old Town Hall, Kennington, S.E. 11, will be happy to give all information on demand and, of course, to receive the smallest—as well as the largest—contribution for their work. A gift of £36 keeps a child for a year. "Suffer little children . . ." Oh, well, need I say it? You will remember.

WHAT THE STARS FORETELL

(*Continued from p.* 18)

To-day, the astronomers sneer at astrology, but I am assured that this is not so with several leading doctors, who claim (very privately) that astrology actually aids their diagnoses. In every issue of the *Astrologers' Quarterly* there is at least one example given of a hospital patient whose exact birth date apparently foretells exact accidents on an exact occasion. Last year the editor ran various competitions in which readers, supplied with the birth dates of strangers, were asked to prognosticate what happened to them on a given date. In the present number there is a learned dissertation on the late King of the Belgians. Apparently he was born at 4.50 p.m. on April 8, 1875, in Brussels. At the time of his death, "The ascendant has progressed to the square of Uranus. Saturn is in transit over its radical place, and the eclipse of the fourteenth fell on the same point." To an astrologer that explains everything.

Whether or not you believe in astrology, it is quite fascinating to read the confident predictions of national events based on the planets. You will be pleased to hear that as the sun will be close to conjunction with Mars, spring is likely to come with a rush in April. Indeed, the opposition to Jupiter is expected to create a miniature heat wave between the 4th and the 9th. The next three days promise to be cool but dry. Then it will get warm again for four days, and then cool. So much for the weather.

The Stavisky scandal and the air disaster of *Emeraude*, when ten officials were killed on January 16, only confirm the ideas held by astrologers that the effect of the August eclipse in Leo is still working in France. Apparently there is no hope of any settlement between the Powers over disarmament before at least April 18, for the sun and Mars and Uranus have gone into a huddle, which further indicates more accidents by rail, road, and air. In May, however, "we can begin to breathe and expand, knowing we have put behind us the worst phase, and we now look forward to the promise of increased trade, a lessening of unemployment, and the achievement that has been denied for so long."

Well, there you are. Most people imagine that astrology was started by the Egyptians. Actually it is said to date back to the Chaldeans. All who are worth their salt have a streak of superstition in them. At the same time, they do not like the idea of predestination, and many of them consequently in their ignorance disapprove of the theory of astrology. But astrology does not necessitate a belief in fatalism. Astrologers say that there are broad paths charted out in front of you, but there are side turnings all the way which you are at liberty to take. Looking back over what I have written it rather seems that I have got myself into a *cul de sac*. So I shall take leave of you.

THE NAVY CARRIES ON

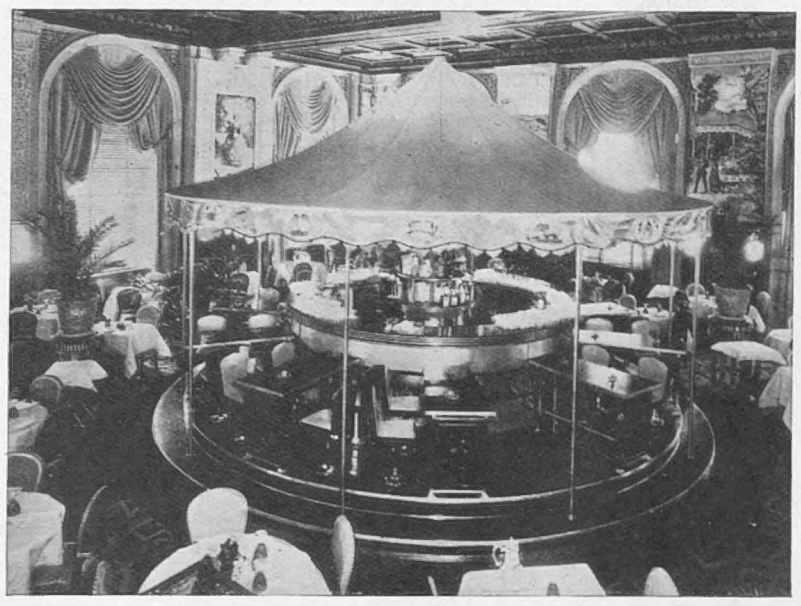
(*Continued from p.* 21)

Service is called, they may be relied upon, should disaster unhappily occur, to use the finest possible endeavours to save their ship instead of taking immediate steps to abandon her as was suggested in the recent much-discussed Admiralty order.

There is no doubt that Their Lordships' praise for the personnel of the Fleet was very thoroughly deserved, every word of it, and in no point more than in the one on which they, as practical seamen themselves, laid particular stress, their carrying on through the worst of weather conditions. To an Island Kingdom, dependent on the regular arrival of supplies from overseas for its very existence, that is what matters most of all.

The message mentioned in turn the rough-sea training of the Fleet, the spirit of all ranks, their bearing, marching, and band-playing ashore, and even their boxing matches, but there was no mention of high-speed steaming or gunnery practice. But the men who have earned every word of this praise know, and would give a lot for that comparatively small extra expenditure in the matter of oil fuel and practice ammunition which would make all the difference.

F. C. B.



ROUND-ABOUT EFFICIENCY: The seats in this bar of an hotel at Boston, Massachusetts, slowly revolve round the counter. The drinks are kept in perfect condition in a special Frigidaire wine-cooler

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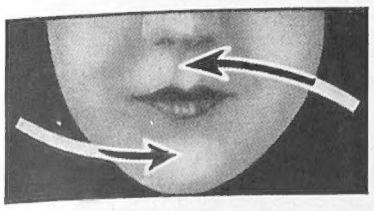

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TRAVEL NOTES of the WEEK

Answers to Enquirers

L., Sussex (Austria).—The end of May would be quite a good time to see the flowers in the Tirol, though June would be better still. You would like the little town of Zell-am-Ziller, which is under your maximum of 2,000 ft. in height. The return 2nd class fare from London to Jenbach via Newhaven, Dieppe and Paris would be about £12 12s. 9d. Zell-am-Ziller is a short distance along a branch railway from Jenbach. You would find it more expensive to travel back via the Italian Tirol, as you would have to travel down to Verona, in order to make the train connections there for Milan. However, as you will be passing through Innsbruck on your way back, you might break your journey there to make the comparatively short trip over the Brenner Pass to Bolzano or Merano in Italy. This would prove more economical than making the long detour via Verona.

B., Devon (France).—Dinard is the most popular seaside resort on the north coast of Brittany, while on the south coast there is La Baule. If you prefer smaller places, there are St. Lunaire or Paimpol on the north coast, and Le Croisic, Concarneau, and many others on the south coast. The 2nd class return fare from Southampton to Dinard is 54s. 1d., the ticket being valid for seventeen days. Messrs. Dean and Dawson arrange some very attractive tours to Brittany.

H., Belfast (Cruise).—As you have already visited the Atlantic Isles and Morocco, you would like the cruise which the S.S. *Orford* of the Orient Line is making, on May 12. The itinerary includes Malta, Dalmatia, Italy, Corfu, Sicily and Gibraltar, and the trip up the Adriatic is particularly lovely. The fares for this twenty days' cruise range from 36 guineas.

H., Algiers (Majorca).—There is a weekly service from Marseilles to Palma, with sailings on Friday, the journey being an overnight one. The Navigation Mixte Company have a service from Algiers to Palma, leaving Algiers every Monday and arriving at Palma the following morning. The south coast of Majorca is protected by a range of mountains, so that in the summer you would find the north coast definitely the cooler. The Hotel Formentor at Pollensa, is exceptionally good, and the en pension charges, which have lately been very much reduced, range from twenty-five to thirty pesetas per day. At Soller Port there is the Hotel Marina, with charges from ten shillings per day.

A., Herts (Dalmatia).—Dubrovnik is a very picturesque old town, and you would find the Grand Hotel Imperial very good. The bathing is good, and the hotel provides various entertainments during the season. It is also possible to make overnight trips to various towns along the Dalmatian coast by the boats of the many different lines which call at Dubrovnik. A good book on this country is *Dalmatia, the New Riviera*, by Geoffrey Rhodes.

P., Yorks (Scilly Isles).—St. Mary's is the largest island of the group, and is extremely pretty, being given over almost entirely to the cultivation of flowers. Naturally you would not find much entertainment there, though there are a 9-hole golf course, and tennis courts. Tregarthen's Hotel and the Star Castle are both good, and it is also possible to get accommodation in farmhouses and cottages. There is a steam launch service between the different islands, and a regular steamship service between St. Mary's and Penzance.

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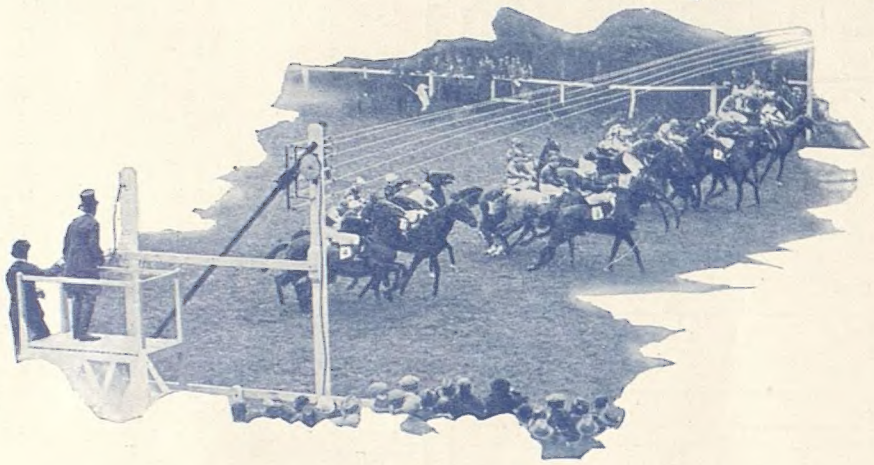

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